

Pleasant Comedie
Call
WILLY BEGILDE

The chiefest Actions are these

*Poor Schollar,
Rich foole,
and a
Kare as a felle*



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A
 Pleasant Comedie
 Called
 228
 177
 WITH REQUINDE

The chief Actors are these:

Poor Scholler.
 Rich fool.
 and
 Knaves as a host.



Imprimatur Tho. Wykes.

Printed by A. B. for T. H. and C. HORN
 M. DC. LXXVIII.

THE PROLOGVE.

Well, 'tis no matter: Ile sit mee downe and see it, and for fault
of a better, Ile supply the place of a scurvy Prologue.
Spectrum is a looking glasse indeed,
Wherein a man a History may read
Of base conceits, and damned roguery:
The very sinke of hell-bred villany.

Enter a Juggler.

Jug. Why how now my humerous *George*? what as melan-
cholly as a Mantletree?

Will you see any tricks of Legerdemaine, flight of hand,
cleane conveyance, or *Deceptio visus*? what will you see Gen-
tlemen, to drive you out of these dumps?

Pro. Out you Soust-Gurnet, you VVoolf-fist, be gone I say,
and bid the Players dispatch and come away quickly: and tell
their fiery Poet, that before I have done with him, Ile make
him doe penance upon a stage in a Calves skin.

Jug. O Lord, sir, yee are deceived in me, I am no tale car-
rier, I am a Juggler,

I have the superficiall skill of all the seven liberall Sciences
at my fingers end.

Ile shew a tricke of the twelves, and turne him over the
thumbs with a trice.

Ile make him fly swifter than meditation.

Ile shew you as many toyes, as there bee minutes in a moneth,
and as many trickes, as there be motes in the Sunne.

Pro. Prethee what trickes canst thou doe?

Jug. Marry Sir, I will shew you a tricke of cleane con-
veyance.

Hey fortuna furim nunquam credo, with a cast of cleane convey-
ance come aloft *Jacke* for thy Masters advantage (hee's gone I

Spectrum is conveyed away, & *Wily-beguild* stands
warrant ye, in the place of it.

Pro. Mas and 'tis well done: now I see thou canst doe som-
thing. Hold thee, there is Twelvepence for thy labour:

Goe to that Braine-froth Poet, and to him say,

Hee hath quite lost the Title of his Play,

His Calve-skin jests from hence are cleane exp'd,

Thus

THE PROLOGVS.

Thus once you see that *Willy* is beguild: *Exit the Juggler*

Pro. Now kind Spectators, I dare boldly say,

You are all welcome to our Authors Play:

Be still a while, and ere wee goe,

Weele make your eyes with laughter flow.

Let *Mamus* mates judge how they list,

Wee feare not what they babble,

Nor any paltry Poets Penne,

Amongst that rascall rable,

But time forbids mee further speech;

My tongue must stop her race:

Mytime is come, I must be dumbe,

And give the Actors place.

Exit

A 3

WILLY

THE PROLOGUE

Time once you see this play is done
For now kind Spectators, I dare boldly say
You are all welcome to our Authors play;
Be still a while, and ere we go
We will make you over with a song
Let Whimsy make judge how long
We have been waiting here
Amongst this tedious tale
But now we are now in the place
My songs must stop her face
My time is come, I must be done
And give the Actors place

Exit

As

Will



VVILY BEGVILDE.

Enter Gripe solus.



Heavie purse makes a light heart: Oh the consideration of this Pouch, this Pouch!

Why, he that has money, has hearts ease, and the world in a stringe.

O this rich Chinke, and silver Coyne, it is the consolation of the world.

I can sit at home quietly in my chamber, and send out my Angels by Sea and by Land, and bid five villaines, and fetch in tenne in the hundred: I, and a better penny too. Let mee see, I have but two Children in all the world to bestow my goods upon, *Fortunatus* my Sonne, and *Lelia* my Daughter: For my Sonne hee followes the Warres, and that which hee gets with swaggering, hee spends in swaggering. But I leaue him, his allowance whilst I live, shall bee small, and so hee shall be sure not to spend much: and if I dye, I will leave him a portion, that (if hee bee a good husband and follow his fathers steps) shall maintaine him like a Gentleman; and if he will not, let him follow his owne humor till he be weary of it, and so let him goe: Now for my Daughter shee is my onely joy, and the staffe of my age, and I have bestowed good bringing up of her (barlady:) why shee is eene modesty it selfe, it does mee good to looke on her. Now if I can harken out some wealthy marriage for her, I have my onely desire.

Mar: and well remembred, heer's my neighbour *Pleddall* hard by, has but one onely sonne and (let mee see) I take it, his Lands art better than five thousand pounds, now if I can make a match betweene his sonne and my Daughter, and so

joyne

WILT BEGVILD.

joyne his land and money together, O, 'twill be a blessed union, Well, Ile in, and get a Scrivener : Ile write to him about it presently. But stay, here comes Master *Churms* the Lawyer, Ile desire him to doe so much.

Enter Churms.

Churms. Good morrow Master *Gripe*.

Gripe. O good morrow Master *Churms*.

What say my two debtors, that I lent 120. pounds to ? Will they not pay use, and charge of suit ?

Churms. Faith sir, I doubt they are bankrupts : I would you had your principall.

Gripe. Nay, Ile have all, or Ile imprison their bodies. But M. *Churms* there is a matter I would faine have you doe, but you must be very secret.

Churms. O sir, feare not that, Ile warrant you.

Gripe. Why then this it is, My neighbour *Ploddall* hereby you know is a man of very faire land, and hee has but one son, upon whom hee meanes to bestow all hee has : Now I would make a match betwene my daughter *Lelia* and him : what thinke you of it ?

Churms. Marry I thinke 'twould bee a good match : but the young man has had very simple bringing up.

Gripe. Tush, what care I for that, so he have lands and living enough ? my daughter has bringing up, will serve them both. Now I would have you to write mee a Letter to Goodman *Ploddall* concerning this matter, and Ile please you for your paines.

Churms. Ile warrant you sir, Ile doe it artificially.

Gripe. Doe good M, *Churms* : but be very secret. I have some businesse this morning, and therefore Ile leave you a while : and if you will come to dinner to mee anon, you shall bee very heartily welcome.

Exit Gripe.

Churms. Thanks good sir, Ile trouble you.

Now 'twere a good jest, if I could coozen the old Churle of his daughter, and get the wench my selfe.

Sounds I am as proper a man as *Peter Ploddall* : and though his father bee as good a man as mine, yet farre fetch and deare

WILT BEGUILD.

deare brought is good for Ladies, and I am sure I have beene
as farre as *Calis*, to fetch that I have.

I have beene at *Cambridge* a Scholler, at *Calis* a Souldier, and
now in the Countrey a Lawyer, and the next degree shall bee
a Conicatcher.

For Ile goe neere to coozen old father share-penny of his
daughter: Ile cast about, Ile warrant him;

Ile goe dine with him; and write him his Letter:

And then Ile seeke out my kind companion *Robin-good-fellow*;

and betwixt us, weele make her yeeld to any thing:
Weele ha the common Law oth one hand, and the civill Law

oth other:

Weele tossie *Lelia* like a tennis Ball. Exit.

*Enter old Ploddall, and his sonne Peter, an old man
Ploddall's Tennant, and Will Cricker his sonne.*

Ploddall. Ah Tennant, an ill husband (barlady:) thrice at
thy house, and never at home?

You know my mind: will you give ten shillings more
rent? I must discharge you else.

Old man. Alas Landlord, will you undoe mee? I sit of a
great rent already, and am very poore.

Will Cr. Very poore? y are a very Asse. Lord, how my sto-
macke wambles at the same word, very poore!

Father, if you love your sonne *William*, never name that
same word very poore:

For Ile stand to it, that 's pettilasenie to me me very poore
to a man that 's oth top of his marriage.

Old man. Why sonne, art oth top of thy marriage? to
whom I prahee?

Will. Marry to prettie *Pegge*, mistress *Lelia* herfes daugh-
ter.

O, tis the daprest Wench that ever danc'd after a Taber and
Pipe:

For she will so heele it, and toe it, and trip it,
O her buttocks will quicke like a Cuttance.

B

P. Ploddall

WILT BEGUILD.

P. Ploddall, Why William, when were you there?

Will. O, Peter, does your mouth water at that?

Truly I was never with her, but I know I shall speed.

For to that day she lookt on me and laugh, and that's a good signe (ye know :) and therefore old Silver-top, never talke of charging or discharging.

For I tell you I am my fathers heire: and if you dist barge me, Ile discharge my pestilence at you. For to let my house before my lease be out, is cut-throatery: and to scrape for more rent is pole pennery.

And so fare you well, good Grandfire Vsurry: come father lets be gone.

Exeunt Will and his father.

Ploddall. Well, Ile make the beggerly knaves to pake for this:

Ile have it every crosse, income, and rent to. But stay, here comes one: O tis M. Churms. I hope hee brings me some good newes.

M. Churms. Y' are well met, I am c'ne almost starv'd for money.

You must take some damnable course with my Tenants: the'le not pay.

Churms. Faith Sir, they are growne to be captious knaves.

But Ile move them with a Habeas Corpus.

Ploddall. Doe good M. Churms, or use any other villanous course shall please you.

But what newes abroad?

Churms. Faith little newes: but heere's a Letter which M. Gripe desired mee to deliver you. And though it stands not with my reputation, to be a carrier of Letters, yet not knowing how much it might concerne you, I thought it better something to abasomy selfe, than you should be any way hindered.

Ploddall. Thanks good sir, and Ile in and read it.

Exeunt Ploddall and his son.

Enter M. Churms.

Churms. Thus men of reach must looke to live, I cry content, and murder where I kisse.

Gripe.

WILLY DEBVILO

Gripe takes me for his friend, and I will not avoid him. I will impart to thee the secrets of his heart. And *Ploddall* thinks I am his trusty friend. To every enterprise he takes in hand, As ever breath'd under the cope of heaven : But damne me if they find it so. All this makes for my avayle, Ile ha the wench my selfe or else my wine shall faille. *Exit.*

Enter Lelia and Nurse gathering of flowers.

Lelia. See how the earth (this fragrant Spring) is clad,
And mantled round in sweet Nymph *Flowers* robes,
Here growes th' alluring *Rose*,
Sweet *Marigolds*, and the lovely *Hyacinth* :
Come *Nurse* gather :

A crowne of *Roses* shall adorne my head,
Ile pranke my selfe with flowers of the Prime,
And thus Ile spend away my *Primrose* time.

Nurse. Rusty, tusty; are you so frolike?
O that you knew as much as I doe, 'twould coole you.

Lelia. Why, what know'st thou *Nurse*? prethee tell mee.

Nurse. Heavy newes yfaith Mistrisse,
You must bee match'd and marryed to a husband. ha, ha, ha, ha,
a husband yfaith.

Lelia. A husband, *Nurse*? why that's good newes, if hee
bee a good one.

Nurse. A good one quotha? ha, ha, ha, ha; why woman, I
heard your father say, that he would marry you to *Tom Ploddall*
that Puckst, that Snudge snout, that Cole-carrierly Clowne.
Lord, 'twould be as good as men and drinke to me, to see how
the foole would woo you.

Lelia. No, no, my father did but jest : thinkst thou that I
can stoope so low to take a *Browne*, bread-eater, and wed a
Clowne that's brought up at Cart?

Nurse. Cart, quotha? I, heele cart you; for hee cannot tell
how to court you.

Lelia. Ah *Nurse*, sweet *Gripe* is the man,

WILLY BEGVILD.

Whose love is lockt in *Lelias* tender breast;
This heart hath vow'd, (if Heaven doe not denie,)
My love with his intoomb'd in earth shall lye.
Nurse. Peace mistris, stand aside, here comes some
body.

Enter Sophos.

Sophos. *Optat: non est spes ulla potiri.*

Yet *Phoebus* send downe thy translucent beames,
Behold the earth that mournes in sad attire,
The flowers at *Sophos* presence gins to droope,
Whose trickling teares for *Lelias* losse,
Do turne the Plaines into a standing poole:
Sweet *Cynthia* smile, cheere up thy drooping Flowers,
Let *Sophos* once more see a Sunne shine day,
O let the sacred center of my heart,
I meane faire *Lelia* Natures fairest worke,
Be once againe the object to mine eyes.
O but I wish in vaine, whilst her I wish to see,
Her Father he obscures her from my sight,
He pleads my want of wealth,
And sayes, it is a barre in *Venus* Court.
How hath fond fortune by her fatal doome,
Predestin'd me to live in haplesse hopes,
Still turning false, her sickle wavering wheele;
And Loves faire goddesse, with her *Cyrcas* cup,
Inchanteth so fond *Cupids* poysoned darts;
That love the onely Loadstar of my life,
Doth draw my thoughts into a labyrinth:
But stay,
What doe I see, what doe mine eyes behold?
(O happy sight) it is faire *Lelias* face.
Haile, heavens bright nymph, the period of my griefe,
Sole guidresse of my thoughts, and author of my joy.
Lelia. Sweet *Sophos*, welcom to *Lelia*;
Faire *Dido* *Carthaginians* beauncious Queene,
Not halfe so joyfull was, when as the *Trojan* Prince
Aneas, landed on the sandy shores

WILL BEGUILD.

Of Carthage confines, as thy *Lelia* is,
To see her *Sophos* here arriv'd by chance.

Sophos. And blest be chance that hath conducted mee,
unto the place where I might see my deare,
As deare to me as is the dearest life.

Nurse. Sir you may see that fortune is your friend.

Sophos. Yes, Fortune favours fooles.

Nurse. By that conclusion you should not be wise.

Lelia. Foulle Fortune sometime smiles on Vertue.

Sophos. Tis then to shew her mirabilitie:

But since amidst ten thousand frowning threats

Of fickle Fortunes thrice unconstant wheele,

She daines to shew one little pleasing smile,

Let's doe our best faile Fortune to beguile,

And take advantage of her ever-changing moods.

See, see, how *Tellus* spangled mantle smiles,

And Birds doe chant their rurall suggered notes,

As ravisht with our meetings sweete delights,

Since then there fits for love, both time and place,

Let love and linking hand in hand imbrace.

Nurse. Sir, the next way to winne her, is to linger her
leysure.

I measure my mistris by my lovely selfe, make a promise to a
man, and keepe it: I have but one fault, I ne'r made promise
in my life, but I stick to it tooth and naile: Ile pay it home
yfaith.

If I promise my love a kisse, Ile give him too: marry at first I
will make nice, and cry fie, fie; and that will make him come a-
gaine and againe.

Ile make him breake his winde with come againes.

Sophos. But what saies *Lelia* to her *Sophos* love?

Lelia. Ah *Sophos*, that fond blind Boy,

That wrings these passions from my *Sophos* heart,

Hath likewise wounded *Lelia* with his dart,

And force perforce, I yeeld the fortresse up:

Heere *Sophos* take thy *Lelia* hand,

And with this hand, a loyall heart.

WILT BEWILD

High Love that ruleth Heavens bright Canopy,
Grant to our love a wish'd felicity.

Sophos As joyes the weary Pilgrime by the way,
When *Phabus*, waves unto the Western deepe,
To summon him to his desired rest;
Or as the poore distressed Mariner,
Long tost by shipwrack on the foaming waves,
At length beholds the long wish'd Haven;
Although from farre, his heart doth dance for joy:
So loves content at length my minde hath eas'd,
My troubled thoughts by sweet content are pleas'd.

Lelia My father reckes no Vertue,
But vowes to wed me to a man of wealth,
And sweares his Gold shall counterpoise his worth;
But *Lelia* scornes proud Mammons golden mines,
And better likes of learnings sacred lore,
Then of fond fortunes glistring mockeries:
But *Sophos*, try thy wits and use thy utmost skill,
To please my father, and compass his good will.
So. To what faire *Lelias* will's doth *Sophos* yeeld content,
Yett he's the troublous gulfes my silly ship must passe:
But where that venture harder to atchive
Then that of *Isabel* for the golden Eleece;
I would effect it for sweet *Lelias* sake,
Or leave my selfe as witness of my thoughts.

Nurse How say you by that, Mistress? heele doe any thing,
for your sake.

Lelia Thanks gentle Love,
But lest my father should suspect,
Whose jealous head with more then *Argus* eyes,
Doth measure every gesture that I use:
Ile in, and leave you here alone.
Adieu, sweet friend; untill wee meet againe:
Come *Nurse* follow me.

Sophos. Farewell my love, faire fortune be thy guide.
Now *Sophos*, now bethinke thy selfe.
How thou maist winne her fathers will to kait this happy

Alas,

WILL BEGUILD.

Alas, thy state is poore, thy friends are few;
And scarce forbids to sell thy sales to friend;
VVell, Ile try my fortunes;
And finde out some convenient time,
When as her fathers leisure best shall serve
To conferre with him about faire *De la* love.

Enter Gripe, old Ploddall, Churms, and Will Cricker.

Gripe. Neighbour *Ploddall*, and *Master Churms*,
Ye are welcome to my house:
VVhat newes in the Country, Neighbour? you are a good Hus-
band, you have done sowing Barly, I am sure.

Ploddall. Yes sir, and please you, a fortnight since.

Gripe. *M. Churms*, what say my debtors? can you get any
monies of them yet?

Churms. Not yet sir, I doubt they are scarce able to pay.
You must e'en forbare them a while, they'll exclaime on you
else.

Gripe. Let them exclaime and hang, and starve; and begge:
let me ha my money.

Ploddall. Here's this good-fellow too, *Master Churms*, I must
e'en put him and his father over into your hands: they'll pay
me no rent.

Will. Crie. This good-fellow quotha? I come that base,
broking, bragging, bawling, bastarding, bottlenos'd, bee-
tlebrow'd, beane-Bellied name.

VVhy, *Robin-good-fellow* is this same cogging, petifogg-
crackropes, calves-skins companion.

Put me and my father over to him? old *Silver-top*, and you had
not put me before my father, I would ha _____

Ploddall. *VVhat* wouldst ha done?

Will. I would have had a snatch at you, that I would.

Churms. *VVhat* art a dogge?

Will. No, if I had beene a Dogge, I would ha snap'd off your nose
ere this, and so have cozzen'd the Divil of a marry bone.

WILT BEG WILD.

Gripe. Come, come, let me end this controversy.
'Prethee goe thy wayes in, and bid the boy bring in a cup of Sacke heere for my friends.

Will. Would you have a sacke sir?

Gripe. Away foole, a cup of Sacke to drinke.

Will. O, I had thought you would have had a sacke to have put this law cracking cogfoyst in, in stead of a paire of Rockes.

Gripe. Away foole, get thee in, I say.

Will. Into the butterie you meane?

Gripe. I prethee doe.

Will. Ile make your hogthead rue that word.

Exit Will Cricket.

Gripe. Neighbour *Ploddall*, I sent a letter to you by Master *Churms*, how like you of the motion?

Ploddall. Marry I like well of the motion: my sonne I tell you is ev'n all the stay I have: and all my care is to have him take one that hath something, for as the world goes now, if they have nothing, they may goe begge.

But I doubt hee's too simple for your Daughter: for I have brought him up hardly, with browne bread, fat Bacon Puddings, and Sounce, and (barladay) wee thinke it good fare too.

Gripe. Tushman, I care not for that, you ha no more children: you'll make him your heyre, and give him your lands, will you not?

Ploddall. Yes hee's ev'n all I have: I have no body else to bestow it upon.

Gripe. You say well.

Enter Will Cricket, and a Boy, with wine and a Napkin.

Will. Nay heare you, drinke before you bargain.

Gri. Mas tis a good motion. *He fills them wine, and gives the Boy, fill some wine.*

Heer neighbour, and M. *Churms*, I drinke to you

Both. We thanke you Sir.

Will.

WILT BEGUILD.

Will. Lawyer wipe cleane: doe you rememb

Churms. Remember, why?

Will. Since you know when?

Churms. Since when?

Will. Why, since you were bumbasted, that your lubberly legges would not carry your lobcocke body;

When you have made an infusion of your stinking excrements, in your stinking implements:

O you were plaguy fraid, and foully raide.

Gripe. Prethee peace *Will.* Neighbour *Ploddall*: what say you to this match: shall it goe foreward?

Ploddall. Sir that must be as our children like, For my sonne, I thinke I can rule him:

Marry, I doubt your daughter will hardly like of him, for God wot hee's very simple.

Gripe. My daughter's mine to command, have I not brought her up to this?

She shall have him: Ile rule the roost for that,

Ile give her pounds and crownes, gold and silver:

Ile weigh her downe in pure angell gold,

Say man is't a match?

Ploddall. Faith I agree.

Churms. But sir, if you give your daughter so large a Dowry, you'll have some part of his land conveyed to her by Ioynture.

Gripe. Yes marry, that I will: And wee'll desire your helpe for conveyance.

Ploddall. I good Master *Churms*, and you shall be very well contented for your paines.

Will. I marry that's it he lookt for all this while.

Churms. Sir I will doe the best I can.

Will. But Landlord, I can tell you newes yfaith: There is one *Sophos*, a brave Gentleman, hee'll wipe your sonne *Peters* nose of Mistris *Lelia*: I can tell you he loves her well.

Gripe. Nay, I trow.

Will. Yes I know, for I am sure I saw them close together

WILT BEGVILD.

ther at Poope-nody, in her Closet.

Gripe. But I am sure shee loves him not.

Will. Nay, I dare take it on my death she loves him: For he's a Scholler: and ware Schollers, they have trick's for love. yfaith; for with a little Logicke, and *Pisomacolloquium*, they'll make a wench doe any thing.

Land-lord; pray ye bee not angry with me, for speaking my conscience.

In good faith your sonne *Peter's* a very Clowne to him: Why he's as fitt a man as a wench can see in a Summers day.

Gripe. Well, that shall not serve his turne, Ile crosse him for warrant ye.

I am glad I know it; I have suspected it a great while.

Sophos? Why what's *Sophos*? a base fellow:

Indeed he has a good wit; and can speake well,

He's a scholler forsooth: one that has more witten money;

And I like not that; he may begge for all that.

Schollers? Why, what are schollers without money?

Ploddall. Faith eene like Puddings without suet.

Gripe. Come Neighbour, send your sonne to my house;

For he shall be welcome to me:

And my daughter shall entertaine him kindly.

What? I can, and will rule *Lelia*.

Come, let's in, Ile discharge *Sophos* from my house presently.

Exeunt Gripe, and Ploddall, and Churms.

Will. A horne plague of this money,

For it causeth many Hornes to bud:

And for money many men are horn'd,

For when Maids are forc'd to love where they like not;

It makes them lye where they should not.

Ile be hang'd if ere mistress *Lelia* will ha *Ploddall*,

If we are by this button-cap, (doe you marke?)

And by the round, found, and profound contents (doe you understand?)

Of this costly Cod'-preece. (being a good proper man as ye see) that I could get her as soone as hee, my selfe.

And

WILT BEGUILD.

And if I had not a month's minde in another place,
I would have a fling at her, that's flat:
But I must set a good Holiday face on't,
And goe a wooing to pretty Pegge: well, Ile to her yfaith,
While 'tis in my mind: But stay, Ile see how I can woo before
I goe: they say, use makes perfectnesse:
Looke ye now, suppose this were Pegge,
Now I set my cap o'th to side on this fashion, (dost ye see it)
then say I,
Sweet, hony, sugger candy Pegge,
Whose face more faire then Brocke my fathers Cow,
Whose eyes doe shine like Bacon-rine,
Whose lips are blue, of azure hue,
Whose crooked nose, downe to her chin doth bow.
For you know I must begin to commend her beauty,
And then I will tell her plainly, that I am in love with her
over my high shooes, and then I will tell her, that I doe no-
thing of nights but sleepe and thinke on her, and specially
of mornings a fiddling: And that does make my stomacke so rise, that Ile besworne, I
can turne me three or foure bowles of Porridge over in a
morning afore breakefast.

Enter Robin good-fellow.

Robin good-fellow. How now sirra, what make you here with
all that timber in your necke?

Will. Timber? Sounds, I thinke he be a witch,
How knew he this were timber?
Mas Ile speake him faire, and get out on's company: for I am
afraid of him.

Robin. Speake man, what art afraid? what makest here?

Will. A poore fellow Sir, I ha been drinking two or three
pots of Ale at an Ale-house, and ha lost my way sir.

Robin. O, nay, then I see thou art a good fellow,
Seest thou not Master *Charnis* the Lawyer to day?

Will. No sir, would you speake with him.

Robin. I marry would I.

WILT BEGUILD?

Will. If I see him, Ile tell him you would speake with him.

Robin. Nay prether stay, who wilt thou tell him, would speake with him?

Will. Marry you sit.

Robin. I, who am I?

Will. Faith sir, I know not.

Robin. If thou see'st him, tell him *Robin-good-fellow* would speake with him,

Will. O, I will sir.

Exit Will Cries.

Robin. Mas the fellow was afraid:

I play the Bugbeare wherefoer'e I come,

And make them all afraid;

But here comes *Master Churms.*

Churms. Fellow *Robin*, God save you, I have beene seeking for you in every Ale-house in the Towne, and adgin to visit

Robin. What, *Master Churms*? What's the best newes abroad, 'tis long since I saw you.

Churms. Faith little newes: but yet I am glad I have met with you.

I have a matter to impart to you, wherein you may stand me in some stead, and make a good benefit to your selfe: if we can deale cunningly, 'twill be worthe a double fee to you, (by the Lord.)

Robin. A double fee? speake man what ist? If it bee to betray mine owne father, Ile doo't for halfe a fee: And for cunning let me alone.

Churms. Why then this it is.

Here is *Master Grippe* hard by, a Clyent of mine, a man of mighty wealth, who has but one daughter; her Dowry is her weight in Gold.

Now sir, this old penny father, would marry her to one *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddols* sonne and heire:

Whom though his father meanes to leave very rich,

Yet he's a very idiot, and browne-bread Clowne:

And

WILY BEGFILD.

And one, I know, the wench does deadly hate ;
And though their friends have given their full consent,
And both agreed on this unequall match,
Yet I know, *Lelia* will never marry him,
But there's another rivall in her love, one *Sophos*,
And he's a Scholler,
One whom I thinke faire *Lelia* dearely loves,
But her father hates him as he hates a Toad ;
For he's in want, and *Gripe* gapes after Gold,
And still relies upon the old said law,
Sin nihil actus eris, &c.

Robin. And wherein can I doe you any good in this ?

Churms. Marry, thus fir.

I am of late growne passing familiar with M. *Gripe* :
And for *Ploddall* he takes mee for his socond telfe :
Now fir, He fir my selfe to the old crummy Charles humours,
and make them beleieve He pertwade *Lelia* to marry *Peter Ploddall*,
and so get free access to the wench at my pleasure :

Now o'th other side, He fall in with the Scholler, and him
He handle cunningly too ;

He tell him that *Lelia* has acquainted me with her love of
him :

And for because her father much suspects the same,
He mewes her up as men doe mew their Hawkes,
And so restraines her from her *Sophos* sight :
He say, because she doth repose more trust
Of secrecy in mee, than in another man ;
In courtesie she hath requested me,
To doe her kindest greeting to her Love.

Robin. An excellent device, ysaith.

Churms. I fir, and by this meanes, He make a very gull of
my fine *Diogenes*.

I shall know his secrets even from the very bottome of his
heart.

Nay more fir, you shall see mee deale so cunningly, that hee
shall make mee an instrument to compasse his desire ;

WILT BEGVILD!

When God knowes I meane nothing lesse.

Qui dissimulare nescis, nescis vivere.

Robin. Why this will bee sport alone:

But what would you have medoe in this action?

Churms. Marry as I play with to-hand, play you with rother.

Fall you aboard with *Peter Ploddall*,

Make him beleeeve youle worke miracles.

And that you have a power will make *Lelia* love him?

Nay, what will he not beleeeve, and take all that comes? (you know my mind,)

And so weele make a gull of the one, and a Goose of the other.

And if we can invent any devise, to bring the Scholler in disgrace with her: I doe not doubt, but with your helpe to creepe betweene the barke and the tree, and get *Lelia* my selfe.

Robin. Tush man, I have a device in my head already to doe that;

But they say her brother *Fortunatus* loves him dearly.

Churms. Tut, he's out of the Country.

He followes the drumme and the flagge.

He may chance to bee kild with a double Cannon before hee comes home againe:

But what's your device?

Robin. Marry Ile doe this?

Ile frame an inditement against *Sopho*, in manner and forme of a Rape, and the next Law day you shall preferre it; that so *Lelia* may loath him,

Her father still deadly hate him,

And the young Gallant her brother utterly forsake him.

Churms. But how shall wee prove it?

Robin. Sounds, weele hire some Strumpet or other to bee sworne against him.

Churms. Now (by the substance of my soule) tis an excellent devise.

Well, lets in, Ile first try my cunning, otherwise, and if all faile
Weele try this conclusion.

Exeunt.

Enter

WILT BEGUILD.

Enter Mother-Midnight, Nurse and Pegge.

Mother Mid. Yfaith *Marget*, you must eene take your daughter *Pegge* home againe;
For sheele not be rul'd by mee.

Nurse. Why *Mother*? What will she not doe?

Mother Mid. Faith she neither did, nor does, nor will doe any thing:

Send her to th' Market with Egges; sheele sell them; and spend the money:

Send her to make a Pudding, sheele put in no suet:

Sheele run out at nights a dancing, and come no more home till day peepe:

Bid her come to bed, sheele come when shee list:

Ah, 'tis a nasty shame to see her bringing up.

Nurse. Out you Rogue, you arrant, &c.

What, know'st not thy Granam?

Pegge. I know her to be a teasty old foole,
She's never well, but grunting in a corner.

Mother Mid. Nay sheele campe (I warrant ye.)

O, shee ha's a tongue.

But *Marget* ev'n take her home to your Mistresse, and there heepe her: for Ile keepe her no longer.

Nurse. Mother, pray ye take some paines with her, and keepe her a while longer; and if she doe not mend, Ile beate her blacke and blue: yfaith Ile not faile you Minion.

Mother Mid. Faith, at thy request Ile take her home and try her a weeke longer.

Nurse. Come on Hufwife, please your Granam, and be a good wench, and you shall ha my blessing.

Mother Mid. Come follow us good wench.

Exeunt Mother Mid. and Nurse, manet Pegge.

Pegge. I, farewell; faire weather after you.

Your blessing, quotha? Ile not give a single hal penny for 't:
whowould live under a mothers nose, and a Granams tongue?
A maide cannot love, or catch a lip clip, or a lap clap: but,
heer's such tittle tattle, and doe not so, and be not so light,
and be not so fond, and doe not kisse, and doe not love, a d

WILT BEGWILD.

I cannot tell what :

And I melt love, and I hang fort.

She sings.

A sweet thing is Love,

That rules both heart and mind :

There's no comfort in the world,

To women that are kind.

Well Ile not stay with her, stay quotha ?

To be yauld and jauldat, and tumbled and thumbled, and tost

And turn'd as I am by an old Hagge,

I will not, no I will not i' faith.

Enter Will Cricker.

But stay, I must put on my smirking looke, and smiling countenance :

For here comes one makes domination suite to be my sprus'd husband.

Will. Lord, that my heart would serve me to speake to her, now shee talkes of her sprus'd husband.

Well, Ile set a good face on't.

Now Ile clap me as close to her, as *Ioanes* buttocks of a close stoole, and come over her with my rowling, rattling, rumbling eloquence.

Sweet *Pegge*, honny *Pegge*, fine *Pegge*, dainty *Pegge*, brave *Pegge*, kinde *Pegge*, comely *Pegge*, my nutting, my sweeting, my Love, my Dove, my hunny, my bunny, my Ducke, my Deare and my Darling.

Grace me with thy pleasant eyes,

And love without delay :

And cast not with thy crabbed lookes,

A proper man away.

Pegge. Why *William*, What's the matter?

Will. What's the matter, quotha ?

Faith I ha' beene in a faire taking for you; a bots on you: For tother day, after I had seene you, presently my belly began to rumble.

What's the matter thought I ?

With that I bethought my selfe, and the sweet comportsance

WILLY BEGGILD.

nance of that same sweet round face of thine, came into my minde,

Out went I, and He swore I was to neere taken, that I was faine to cut all my points.

And dost heare *Pegge*?

If thou dost not grant mee my good will in the way of marriage;

I'll runne out of my clothes, and then out of my wits for thee.

Pegge. Nay *William*, I would be loth you should doe so for me.

Will. Will you looke merrily on me, and love then?

Pegge. Faith I care not greatly if I doe.

Will. Care not greatly if I doe? What an answer's that?

If thou wilt say, I *Pegge* take thee *William* to my spruce Husband,

Pegge. Why so I will; but we must haue more company for witness first.

Will. That needs nor: here's good store of young men and maides here.

Pegge. Why then here's my hand.

Will. Faith that's honestly spoken: say after me:

I *Pegge Pudding*, promise thee *William Cricker*,

That Ile hold thee for mine owne sweet Lilly,

While I haue a head in mine eye, and a face on my nose, a mouth in my tongne, and all that a woman should haue, from the crowne of my tooke, to the soale of my head.

Ile claspe thee and clip thee, coll thee, and kisse thee,

Till I be better then naught, and worse then nothing;

When thou art ready to sleepe, Ile be ready to snort:

When thou art in health, Ile be in gladnesse:

When thou art sick, Ile be ready to dye:

VVhen thou art mad, Ile run out of my wits:

And thereupon I strike thee good lucke:

VVell said yfaith:

O I could find in my hose to pocket thee in my heart;

Come my heart of gold, let's haue a dance at the making

WILT BEGUILD

Up of this match :

Stricke up *Tom Piper*.

They dance

Come *Pegge*, Ile take the paines to bring thee home-ward,
And at twi'ght looke for mee againe.

Enter Robin-good-fellow. and Peter Bladdell.

Robin. Come hither my honest friend : *M. Chorus* told me you had a suite to me,
What's the matter?

Peter. Pray ye fir, is your name *Robin-good-fellow*?

Robin. My name is *Robin-good-fellow*.

Peter. Marry fir, I heare y^e are a very cunning man fir :
And fir reverence of your worship fir, I am going a wooing to
one *Mistresse Lesia* Gentlewoman here hard by : Pray yee
fir, tell me how I should behave my selfe, to get her to my
Wife?

For fir, there is Scholler about her :

Now if you can tell me, how I should wipe his nose of her, I
would bestow a peece on you.

Robin. Let me see't, and thou shalt see what Ile say to
thee

He gives him money.

Well follow my counsell, and Ile warrant thee;
Ile give thee a Love powder for thy wence.
And a kind of *Nuxvomica* in a potion, shall make her come off
yfaith.

Peter. Shall I trouble you so farre as to take some paines
with me?

I am loath to have the dodge.

Robin. Tush, feare not the dodge :

Ile rather put on my flashing red Nose, and my flaming Face;
and come wrapt in a calves-skin, and cry bo bo;

Ile fray the Scholler, I warrant thee,

But first goe to her try whan thou canst doe;

Perhaps sheele love thee without any further adoe;

But thou must tell her, thou hast a good stocke, some hun-
dred or two a yeere, that will set her hard I warrant thee.

For

WILT BEGUILD.

For by th' Masse, I was once in good comfort to have con-
 zend a weatch :

And wote thou what I told her ?

I told her, I had a hundred pound land a yeere in a place
 where I have not the breadth of my little finger.

I promised her to incoffe her in forty pounds a yeere of
 it : and I thinke in my conscience if I had had but as good a
 face as thine,

I should have made her have curst the time that ever shee
 the is.

And thus must thou doe, crack, and lye, and face,

And thou shalt triumph mightily.

Peter. I need not doe so : for I may say, and say true,

I have lands and lying enough for a Countrey fellow.

Robin. Barley so had not I, I was faine to over-reach, as
 many times I doe.

But now experience hath taught me so much craft, that I
 excell in cunning.

Peter. Well sir, then he be bold to trust to your cunning
 and so he bid you farewell, and goe forward :

He to her, that's flat.

Robin. Doe so : and let me heare how you speed.

Peter. That I will fly.

Exit Peter.

Robin. Well, a good beginning makes a good end, Here's
 ten groates for doing nothing :

I can Master *Charms* thanks for this,

For this was his device :

And therefore he goes seeke him out, and give him a quart of
 wine,

And know of him how he deales with his Scholler.

Exit.

Enter Charms and Sephar.

Charms. Why ? looke you sir, by the Lord I can but wonder
 at her father.

Hee knowes you to be a Gentleman of good bringing up;
 And though your wealth be not answerable to his,

WILL BEG N I L D

Yet by heavens I thinke, you are worthy to doe farre better than *Lelia*, yet I know she loves you dearly:

Sophos. The great Tartarian Emperour *Tamors Chan*, Joyd not so much in his imperiall Crowne, as I, and blis I As *Sophos* joyes in *Lelia* hope for love; is you ever I stand Whose lookes would pierce an Adamantine heart, he himselfe I And make the proud beholders stand at gaze, I bid I bid To draw love picture from her glancing eyes. *Chorus*. And I will stretch my wishes unto the highest frame To further *Sophos* in his wisht desires.

Sophos. Thanks gentle friends, I bid you stand *But* truce a while, here comes her Father, I must speake a word or two with him. *Chorus*. I he'll give you your answer (I warrant ye) *Sophos*. God save you sir, I am glad of your health.

Gripe. O Master *Sophos*, I have longed to speake with you a great while, I heare you seeke my daughter *Lelia* love, I hope you will not seeke to dishonnest me, nor disgrace my Daughter.

Sophos. No sir, a man may aske a yeas, and as all A woman may say nay, Yet I must confesse I love *Lelia*.

Gripe. Sir, I must be plaine with you, I like not of your love:

Lelia's mine, He chuse for *Lelia*, And therefore I would wish you not to frequent my house any more. It's better for you to ply your Booke, and seeke for some preferment that way, than to seeke for a Wife before you know how to maintaine her.

Sophos. I am not rich, I am not very poore: I neither want, nor ever shall exceed, The meanes is my content, I live sweetly to my content.

Gripe. Well, well, I tell ye, I like not yee should come to my house, and presume so proudly to match your poore pedigree with my Daughter *Lelia*: and therefore I charge you.

WILLY BEGUIL'D.

you get you off, on my ground, come no more at my
House:

I like not this Leath'ring without Living, I.

Sophy. His needs must goe, that the Devill drives:

Sic virius sine censu languet.

Exit Sophy.

Gripe. O, Master *Ghurms*, cry you mercy for, I saw not you:

I think I have sent the Scholler away with a fied in his care:

I trow heele come no more at my house.

Ghurms. No, for if he doe, you may indite him for coming
of your ground.

Gripe. Well, now Ile home, and keepe in my Daughter: She

shall neither goe to him, nor tend to him:

Ile watch her (Ile warrant her)

But God wot, *Ghurms*, it is the peevishest girl that ever I

know: in my life I never will nor be full of I doubt.

Pray, *Gripe*, doe endeavour to perswade her to take *Peter*
Ploddall.

Ghurms. I warrant ye, he perswade her, feare not. *Exit Gurms.*

Enter Lelia and Nelia.

Lelia. What sorrow seizeth on my heavy heart?

Consuming care possesseth every part:

Heaven, sad *Cyprian*, keepe his mansion here;

Within the closure of my wofull brest;

And blacke Dispaire with iron Scepter Bands,

And guides my thoughts to his sad full Cell.

The wanton winds with whistling murmure beare

My piercing Plaints along the desert plaines;

And woods and groves do echo forth my woe.

The Earth below resounds in Chrytal tones;

When heavens above, by some malignant course

Of small Stars, are authors of my griefe.

Pond love, got hide thy Shafts in Follies den,

And let the world forget my Chastitie force;

Ourselves flye, flye, pierce my tender brest,

WILT BEGUILD.

That he may helpe to sympathize these plaints,
that wrings these teares from *Lelia's* weeping eyes.

Nurse. Why, how now Mistress? What is it Love that
makes you weep, and toss, and turne so at nights when you
are in bed?

Saint *Leonard* grant you fall not love-sicke.

Lelia. I, that's the point, that pierceth to the quicke,
Would *Atropos* would cut my vitall threed.

And so make lavish of my loathed life;

Or gentle heavens would smile with faire aspect,

And so give better fortunes to my love.

Why is't not a plague to be prisoner to mine owne father.

Nurse. Yes, an't's a shame for him to use you so too.

But be of good cheer Mistress, He goes to *Sophia* every day.

He bring you tidings, and tokens too from him, (He warrant
ye,) and if he will send you a kisse or two, He bring is, Let
me alone: I am good at a dead list.

Marry I cannot blame you for loving of *Sophia*,

Why he's a man as one should picture him in wax.

But Mistress out upon't, wipe your eyes,

For here comes another wooer.

Enter Peter Pladdell.

Peter. Mistress *Lelia*, God speed you.

Lelia. That's more then wee need at this time for we are
doing nothing.

Peter. I were as good to say a good word as a bad.

Lelia. But 'tis more wisdom to say nothing at all, then to
speake to no purpose.

Peter. My purpose is to wive you.

Lelia. And mine is never to wed you.

Peter. Belike you are in love with some body else.

Nurse. No, but she's lustily promised.
Heare you; you with long rifle by your side, doe you lacke a
wife?

Peter. Call you this a rifle? its a good Backe-sword.

Nurse. Why, then you with your Backe-sword, let's see
your backe.

Peter.

WILLY BEGVILD.

Peter. Nay, I must speake with Mistresse *Lelia* before I

goe.

Lelia. What would you with mee?

Peter. Marry, I have heard very well of you; and so has my father too. And he has sent me to you a wooing. And if you have any mind of marriage, I hope I shall maintaine you as well as any Husband-mans wife in the Country.

Nurse. Maintaine her with what?

Peter. Marry, with my Lands and Living, my father has promis'd mee.

Lelia. I have heard much of your wealth, but I never know your manders before now.

Peter. Faith I have no Mannors, But a pretty Homestall, and we have great store of Oxen, and Horses, and Carts, and Plowes, and Household-stuffe bohemination. And great flocks of sheepe, and flocks of Geese, and Capons, and Hens, and Duckes: O, wee have a fine yarde of Pullen: And thanke God, heer's a fine weather for my Fathers Lambs.

Lelia. I cannot live content, in discontent. For as no Musicke can deliget the eares. Where all the parts of discord are compos'd: So Wedlocke bands will stil consist in jarrs. Where in condition ther's no sympathise: Then rest your selfe content with this answer, I cannot love.

Peter. Its no matter what you say: for my Father told me this much before I came, that you would bee something nice at first: but he had mee like you were the worse for that, for I were the liker to speed.

Lelia. Then you were best to leave off your suite till some other time: and when my leasure serves mee to love you, Ile send for you.

Peter. Will you? well then Ile take my leave of you and

WILL BEGVND.

and if I may heare from you, He pay the Messenger well for his paines.

But stay: Gods death, I had almost forgot my selfe:
Pray'ee let mee kisse your hand ere I goe.

Nurse. Faith Mistresse, his mouth runs a water for a kisse:
A little would serve his turne be likee:
Let him kisse your hand.

Leila. He nor stickes for that. *He kisse her hand.*

Peter. Mistresse *Leila*, God be with you.

Leila. Farewell *Peter.* *Exit Peter.*

Thus *Lucre* set in golden chaire of state,
VVhen Learning's bid stand by and keepe aloofe:
This greedy humours my Fathers mine,
VVho gapes for nothing but for golden gaine.

Enter Churms.

Nurse. Mistresse, take heed you speake nothing that will
beare action, for here comes *M. Churms* the Pettifogger.

Churms. Mistresse *Leila*, rest you merrie:
What's the reason, you and your Nurse walke here alone?

Leila. Because, sir, wee desire no other company but
our owne.

Churms. Would I were then your owne,
That I might keepe you company.

Nurse. O sir, you and hee, that is her owne, are farre a-
funder.

Churms. But if shee please, wee may be neerer.

Leila. That cannot bee: mine owne is neerer then my
selfe.

And yet my selfe, alas is not mine owne;
Thoughts, Fears, Dispaire, tenne thousand dreadfull
Dreames
These are mine owne and these do keepe me company.

Churms. Before God, I must confesse, your father is
too cruell

To keepe you thus sequestred from the world
To spend your prime of youth thus in obscurity,

And

WILLY BUSHFIELD.

And seek to wed you to an idiot fool,
That knows not how to use himself;
Could but my desires but answer my desires,
I swear by *Selvaire Phabus* silver eye,
My heart would wish no higher to aspire;
Then to be grac'd with *Lelias* love.
By *Iesus*, I cannot play the dissembler,
And woo my love with courting ambages,
Like one whose love hangs on his smooth tongues end,
But in a word, I tell the summe of my desires,
I love faire *Lelia*.

By her my passions daily are increas'd:
And I must dye, unlesse by *Lelias* love they be releas'd.

Lelia. Why Master *Churms*, I had thought you had beene
my fathers great Counsellor, in all these actions.

Churms. Nay, damme if I be:
By heavens, sweet Nymph, I am not.

Nurse. Master *Churms*, you are one can doe much with her
father: and if you love her as you say, perswade him to use her
more kindly, and give her liberty to take her choyse: for these
made marriages prove not well.

Churms. I protest I will.

Lelia. So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend:

Meane time, *Nurse*, let's in;
my long absence I know will make my father misse.

Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.

Churms. So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend:

Who can but ruminate upon these words?

Would shee had said, her love:

But tis no matter; first creepe and then got;

Now her friend: the next degree, *Lelia* love.

VVell, Ile perswade her father to let her have a little more

liberty.

But soft, He none of that neither;

So the Scholler may chance coozen me.

Perswade him to keepe her in stilt;

And before shee have time to have my body,

And

WILT BEGVILD.

And so I shall be sure, that *Sophos* shall never come at her.
VVhy Ile warrant ye, shee'll be glad to runne away with me at length.

Hang him that has no shifts,
I promis'd *Sophos* to further him in his suite:
But if I doe, Ile be pickt to death with Hens.
I swore to *Gripe*, I would perswade *Lelia* to love *Peter Plo'dall*.

But God forgive me, it was the furthest end of my thought.
Tut, what's an oath? every man for himselfe:
Ile shift for one, I warrant ye.

Exit.

Enter Fortunatus salus.

Fort. Thus have I past the beating billowes of the sea,
By *Ithacks* rockes, and watry *Neptunes* bounds,
And waded safe from *Mars* his bloody fields,
VVhere Trumpets sound Tantara to the fight,
And here arriv'd for to repose my selfe,
Vpon the borders of my native soyle.
Now *Fortunatus* bend thy happy course
Vnto thy fathers house, to greet thy dearest friends:
And if that still thy aged Sire survives,
Thy presence will revive his drooping spirits,
And cause his withered cheekes bee sprent with youthfull
Where death of late was portraid to the quicke.
But soft who comes here?

Stand aside.

Enter Robin-good-fellow.

Robin. I wonder I heare not of Master *Chirnes*,
I would faine know how he speedes,
And what successe he has in *Lelias* love:
VVell, if he coozen the Scholler of her,
I would make my worship laugh:
And if hee have her, hee may say, God a mercy *Robin-good-fellow*.

Oh, ware a good head, as long as you live.
Why, Master *Gripe*, hee cast aye yond the Moone,

And

E

And

WILT BECKMID.

And *Churms* is the orely man hee puts in trust with his daughter, and (Ile warrant) the old *Churle* would take it up on his salvation, that he will perswade her to marry in a *shameful Peter Ploddall*: But Ile make a foole of *Peter Ploddall*, Ile looke him i'th' face and picke his purse, Whil'st *Churms* coozen him of his Wench, And my old granfire Holdfast of his Daughter. And if he can doe so, Ile teach him a trick to coozen him of his gold too. Now for *Sophos*, let him weare the Willow garland, And play the melancholly malecontent, And pluck his hat downe in his fullen eyes, And thinke on *Lesia* in these desert Groves, 'Tis enough for him to have her in his thoughts, Although he ne'r imbrace her in his armes. But now there is a fine devicc come into my head, To scarre the Scholler:

You shall see He make fine sport with him. They say that every day he keepes his walke Amongst these Woods and melancholly shades; And on the Barke of every sencelesse Tree, Ingraves the Tenour of his haplesse hope. Now when hee's at *Venus* Altar at his Orisons, He put me on my great carpation Nose, And wrap me in a rousing Calve-skin suite, And come like some Hob-goblin, or some Devill Ascended from the grisly pit of Hell, And like a Scar-babe make him take his legges:

Ile play the Devill, I warrant ye. *Exit Robin-good-fellow.* *Fortunnatus.* And if you doe (by this hand) Ile play the Conjuror. Blush, *Fortunnatus*, at the base conceit, To stand alonfe, like one that's in a trance, And with thine eyes behold that miserable Impe- (Whose tongue more yonome than the Serpents King) Before thy face thus taunt thy dearest friends. I, thine owne Father with reprochfull tearmes.

WILL BEGUIL'D.

Thy sister *Lelia*; she is bought and sold;
 And learned *Sophos*, thy thrice vowed friend,
 Is made a stale by this base cursed crew,
 And damned den of vagrant runnagates;
 But here in sight of sacred heavens, I swear
 By all the sorrowes of the *Stygian* soules,
 By *Mars* his bloody blade, and faire *Bellona's* Bowers,
 I vow, these eyes shall ne'r behold my fathers face
 These feet shall ne'r passe these desert plaines;
 But Pilgrim-like, I'll wander in these woods,
 Untill I find out *Sophos* secret walkes,
 And sound the depth of all their plotted drifts:
 Nor will I cease untill these hands revenge.
 Th' injurious wrong that's offered to my friend,
 Vpon the workes of this stratagem. *Exit.*

Enter Pegge sola.

Pegge. Yfaith, yfaith, I cannot tell what to doe,
 I love, and I love, and I cannot tell who:
 Out upon this love:
 For wot you what? I have suitors come huddle, twoes upon
 twoes, and threes upon threes: and what thinke you troubled
 mee?
 I must chat and kisse with all commers, or else nobargaine.

Enter Will, Cricket and kisses her.

Will. A bargaine yfaith, ha my sweet hony-sopes, how dost
 thou?

Pegge. Well I thanke you *William*, now I see y'are a man of
 your word.

Will. A man of my word quotha? why I ne'r broke promise
 in my life that I kept.

Pegge. No *William* I know you did not:
 But I had thought you had forgotten me.

Will. Dost heare *Pegge*? if e'r I forget thee:
 I pray God I may never remember thee.

Pegge. Peace, here comes my Grannam *Midnight.*

Enter.

WILT BEGVILD.

Enter Mother Midnight.

Mother Mid. What *Pegge*? what ho? what *Pegge*, I say?
What *Pegge* my wench?

What where art thou trow?

Pegge. Here *Grannam* at your elbow.

Mother Mid. What mak'st thou here this twatter light?
I thinke thou art in a dreame,
I thinke the foole haunts thee.

Will. Sounds foole in your face: foole, O monstrous intimation.

Foole? O disgrace to my person: sounds, foole not me, for I cannot brooke such a cold rasher I can tell you: give mee but such another word, and Ile be thy tooth-drawer, eene of thy butter-tooth, thou tooth-lesse Trot thou.

Mother M. Nay *William*, pray ye be not angry, you must beare with old folkes.

They bee old and testy, hot and hasty: set not your wit against mine, *William*,
For I thought no harme by my troth.

Will. Well your good words have something laide my choller.

But *Grannam*, shall I be so bold to come to your house now and then to keepe *Pegge* company?

Mother M. I, and beshrow thy good heart and thou dost not.

Come, and wee le have a peece of a Barly Bag-pudding, or something.

And thou shalt be very heartily welcome, that thou shalt;
And *Pegge* shall bid thee welcome too. pray ye Maid, bid him welcome, and make much of him, for by my vay hee's a good springgold.

Pegge. *Grannam*, if you did see him dance, 'twould doe your heart good:

Lord, 'twould make any body love him, to see how finely he le foot it.

Mother M. *William*, prethee goe home to my house with us, and taste a cup of our Beere, and learne to know the

WILT BEGUILD

way againe another time.

Will. Come on Grandam, He man you home y faith: Come
Pegge.

*Enter Gripe, old Ploddall, and his sonne Peter,
and Churms the Lawyer*

Ploddall. Come hither *Peter*, holde up your head: where's
your cap and legg e, fir boy, ha?

Peter. By your leave Master *Gripe*.

Gripe. Welcome *Peter*, give me thy hand, th'art welcome:
Barlady, this is a good proper tall fellow, Neighbour; call
you him a boy?

Ploddall. A good pretty square Springold fir.

Gripe. *Peter*, you have seene my Daughte: I am sure: how
doe you like her?

What sayes she to you?

Peter. Faith I like her well, and I have broken my minde to
her, and she would say neither I or no:
But thanke God fir, we parted good friends;
For she let me kisse her hand, and bad me farewell *Peter*,
And therefore I think I am like enough to speed:

How thinke ye Master *Churms*?

Churms. Marry I thinke so too,
For she did shew no token of any dislike of your motion, did
she?

Peter. No, not a whit fir.

Churms. VVhy then I warrant ye,
For we hold in our Law, that, *Idem est non apparet* &c. *Ch. mur*
esse.

Gripe. Master *Churms*, I pray you doe so much as call my
Daughter hither.

I will make her sure here to *Peter Ploddall*, and He desire you
to be a witnesse.

Churms. VVith all my heart.

Gripe. Before God, Neighbour, this same M. *Churms* is a
very good Lawyer: for He warrant, you cannot speake any
thing, but he has Law for it.

Ploddall.

WILT BEGWILD.

Ploddall. Marry eene the more joy on him,
And hee's one that I am very much beholding to
But here comes your Daughter.

Enter Churms, Lelia and Nurse.

Lelia. Father, did you send for me?

Gripe. I wench, I did: come hither *Lelia*, give me thy hand.

Master *Churms*, I pray you beare witnesse,
I here give *Lelia* to *Peter Ploddall*, *She plucks her hand.*
How now?

Nurse. Shee's none, shee thanks you sir.

Gripe. Will she none? why how now, I say?

What do you bewling peevish thing, you untoward baggage,
Will you not be rul'd by your Father?

Have I ran care to bring you up to this?

And will you doe as you list?

A way, I say, hang, starve, begge, be gone, packe I say:

Out of my sight,

Thou ne'r get'st penny-worth of my goods for this:

Thinke ont, I doe not use to jest:

Be gone I say; I will not heare thee speake.

Churms. I pray you sir patient your selfe: shee's young.

Gripe. I hold my life this beggerly Scholler hankers about
her still, makes her so untoward

But Ile home. Ile set her a harder taske:

Ile keepe her in, and looke to her a little better then I ha done;

Ile make her have little mind of gadding, Ile warrant her.

Come Neighbour, send your Sonne to my house, for he's wel-
come thither, and shall be welcome; and Ile make *Lelia* bid him
welcome too, e'r I ha done with her.

Come *Peter*, follow us.

Churms. Why this is excellent, better and better still.

This is beyond expectation:

Why, now this gear begins to worke:

But beshrew my heart, I was afraid that *Lelia* would have
yeelded; when I saw her father take her by the hand, and call

me

WILLY BEGVILD.

me for a witnesse, my heart began to quake.
But to say the truth, she had little reason to take a Cullian huge
loafe, milke-sop slave;
When she may have a Lawyer, a Gentleman that stands upon
his reputation in the Country:
One whose diminutive defect of Law, may compare with his
little learning:
Well, I see that *Churms* must bee the man must carry *Lelia*
when all's done.

Enter Robin-good-fellow.

Robin. How now Master *Churms*, what newes abroad?
Me thinke you looke very spruce: y'are very frolike now
alate.

Churms. VVhat fellow *Robin*, how goes the squares with
you?
Y'are waxen very proud alate, you will not know your old
friends.

Robin. Faith I eene come to seeke you, to bestow a quart of
wine of you.

Churms. That's strange: you were ne're wont to be so
liberall:

Robin. Tush man, one good turne askes another: cleare
gaines man, cleare gaines:

Peter Ploddall shall pay for all: I have guld him once,
And Ile come over him againe and againe, I warrant ye.

Churms. Faith *Lelia* has eene given him the doff of her, and
made her father almost starke mad.

Robin. O all the better, then I shall be sure of more of his
custome.
But what successe have you in your sute with her?

Churms. Faith all hitherto goes well,
I have made the motion to her,

But as yet we are growne to no conclusion:
But I am in very good hope.

Robin. But doe you thinke you shall get her fathers good
will?

Churms. Tut, if I get the wench, I care not for the
That

WILLY BEGAYED.

that will come afterward :
 And Ile be sure of something in the meane time,
 For I have out law'd a great number of his debtors,
 And Ile gather up what money I can among them,
 And Gripe shall not know of it neither.

Robin. I, and of those that are scawable to pay
 Take the one halfe, and forgive them the rest, rather than sit
 out at all.

Chorus. Tush, let me alone for that
 But firra, I have brought the Schollers into a tooles Paradise,
 Why, he has made me his spokesman to Mistress *Lola*,
 And God's my Judge, I doe so matche mine him to her.

Robin. O, bith'mas well remembered
 Ile tell you what I meane to doe,
 Ile attire my selfe fit for the same purpose,
 Like some hellish Hag or damned fiend,
 And meete with *Sophy* wandring in the woods;
 O I shall fray him terribly.

Chorus. I would thou couldst scare him out of his wife;
 Then should I ha' the wench cocke sure,
 I doubt no body but thou.

Robin. Well, let's good drinke together,
 And then Ile goo put on my diuelliish robes,
 I meane my Christmas Calves-skin suite,
 And then walke to the woods;
 O Ile terrifie him I warrant ye.

Enter Sophy.

Sophy. Will heavens still smile at *Sophy's* miserie,
 And give no end to my tedious mourning;
 These Cypresse shades are witness of my sorrow,
 The senselesse trees doe grieve at my ill fate,
 The leavy branches drop sweet Myrrour teares,
 For love did scorne me in my modest womb;
 And fullen *Saturne* pregnant at my birth;
 VVith all the fassall stars conspir'd in one,
 To frame a haplesse constellation;
 Out of their bowes to me.

WILL BEKIL'D.

Prefaging *Sophas* lucklesse destiny.
 Here, here doth *Sophas* turne *shins* restlesse wheele,
 And here lyes wrapt in Labyrinth of love,
 Of his sweet *Lelis*'s towe, whose tole *Ides* still
 Prolongs the haplesse date of *Sophas* hopelesse life:
 Ah, said I life is a life farre worse than death:
 Then dracheth then ten thousand deaths,
 I daily die, in that I live loves thrall.
 They dye thrice happy, that one dye for all.
 Here will I lay my weary wandering steps,
 And lay me downe upon this solid earth,
 The mother of fitt faine and balefull thought.
 I, this befits my melancholy moodes,
 Now, now me thinkes I heare the pretty Birds
 With warbling tunes, recordaine *Drills* name,
 Whose absence makes, *braine* blood drop from my heart,
 And forceth warty towe from these my weeping eyes:
 Me thinkes I heare the silver-sounding streames,
 With gentle durtur fute more to sleepe,
 Singing a melodious lullaby:
 Here will I take a nap, and drowne my haplesse hope
 In the Ocean seas of never like to speed.

He falls in a slumber, and makes sounds.

Enter Sylvanus:

Sylvanus. Thus hath *Sylvanus* left his leavy Bowers,
 Drawne by the sound of *Becho*'s sad reports,
 That with small notes, and high resounding voyces,
 Doth pierce the very eavens of the earth,
 And rings through hollow hills the *God* laments
 Of Vertues losse, and *Sophas* mournfull plaints.
 Now *Morpheus*, sent thence from the fable den,
 Charme all his senses with a slumbering grace,
 Whil'k old *Sylvanus* send a lowly praye
 Of Satyres, *Driades*, and watry *Nymphes*,
 Out of their Bowers, to tune their silver strings,

And

WILLY BEGVILD.

Sophos. What doe I heare? what harmony is this,
With silver-sound playd through *Sophos* eares,
And this is that passions from his heavy heart,
Prelaging some good future hap shall fall,
After these blustering blasts of discontent?
Thanks Gentle Nymphes, and Satyres too adieu,
That thus compassionate a loyall Lovers woe,
When heaven lits smiling at his dire mishapt.

Enter Fortunatus.

Fortunatus. With weary steps I trace these desert groves,
And search to find out *Sophos* secret walks,
My truest vowed friend, and *Lelia* dearest love,
Soph. What voyer is this found, *Lelia* sacred name?
Is it some Satyre that hath view'd her late,
And's growne enamour'd of her gorgeous hiew?

Fortunatus. No Satyre, *Sophos*, but thy ancient friend:
Whose dearest blood doth rest at thy command,
Hath sorrow lately bled thy watry eyes,
That thou forgetst the lasting league of love,
Long time was vowed betwixt my false and me,
Looke on me man; I am thy friend.

Sophos. O, now I know thee, now thou nam'st my friend:
I have no friend to whom I dare
Unkale the burthen of my griefe,
But one *Fortunatus*, he's my second selfe,
My *Fortunatus*, fortunate venter.

Fort. How fares my friend? me thinks you looke not well:
Your eyes are sunck, your cheekes looke pale and wan,
VVhat meanes this alteration?

Sophos. My minde, sweet friend, is like a restlesse ship,
That's hurl'd and tost upon the surging seas,
By Boreas bitter blasts and East whining winds,
On rocks and sands, farre from the wished port:
VVhereon my silly ship desires to land;
Faire *Lelia* love, that is my wished haven,
VVherein my wandering thoughts would take repose,
For want of which, my restlesse thoughts are tost.

For

WILT BEGUILD.

For want of which all *Sophy's* eyes are lost.

Fortunatus. Doth *Sophy* love my sister *Lelia*?

Sophy She, thence it is, whose love I wish to gaine
Nor need I wish, nor doe I love in vaine,
My love she doth repay with equall meed:

'Tis strange you'll say that *Sophy* should not speed;

Fortunatus. Your love repaid with equall meed;

And yet you laughish still in love, 'tis stranger:

From whence proceeds your griefe? unfold unto your friend,

A friend may yeeld reliefe.

Sophy My want of wealth is author of my griefe,

Yet my father sayes, my state is too too lowe;

I am no Hobby-bred; I may not soare so high, as *Lelia* loves;

The lofty Eagle will not catch at flies.

When I with *Leont* would soare against the Sunne,

He is the onely fiery *Phoenix* denies my course;

And states my want on wings, when as I soare before;

He mewes faire *Lelia* up from *Sophy's* sight;

That not so much as paper pleads remorse,

Thrice three times *Sophy* hath slept in *Therilla's* arms;

Since these mine eyes behold sweet *Lelia's* face.

What greater griefe? what other holth then this?

To be denied to come where my beloved is?

Fortunatus. Doe you alone love *Lelia*?

Have you no rivals with you in your love?

Sophy. Yes onely one, and him my misfather backes;

'Tis *Peter Pinedale*, rich *Phendels* sonne and heire,

One whose base rusticke rude desert

Vnworthy farre to, with forsaige a prize

Yet meane pay your father for to make a match:

For Golden Lucre, with this *Golden*,

And *Golden* at yeeres lowe, hee growes my griefe;

Fortunatus. If it be true, I heart there is one *Chorus* beside;

Makes suite to win my sister to his bride;

Sophy. That cannot be, *Chorus* is my vowed friend;

Whose tongue relates the renown of my loves;

To *Lelia's* cares, I have no other meane;

WILT BEGUILD.

Fortis. Well, trust him not: the Tyger hides his Claws:
When oft he doth pretend the greatest guiles.
But stay: here comes *Lelias*: Nurse.

Enter Nurse.

Sophos. Nurse, what newes?
How fares my Love?

Nurse. How fares she, quotha? Marry shee may fare how
she will for you: neither come to her, nor tend to her of a whole
fortnight?

Now I sweare to you by my Maydenhead, if my Husband
should have sery'd me so, when hee came a wooing to mee, I
would never have look't on him with a good face; as long as I
hid. *ved.*

But he was as kinde a wretch as ever laid lips of a woman; He
would a come thorow the windowes, or doores, or walls, or
any thing, but he would have come to me.

Marry after we had bene married a while, his kindnesse began
to slacke, for Ile tell you what he did;

Hee made me beleeve hee would goe to Greene-goose faire
and Ile bee sworne, heooke his legges and ranne cleane a-
way:

And I am afraid you do prove ev'n then another kinde piece
to my mistresse: for shee sits at home in a corner weeping
for you; and Ile bee sworne, shee's ready to dye upward for
you:

And her father oth' other side, he yoles at her, and yoles at her:
and shee leades such a life for you, it passes; and you le neither
come to her nor send to her,

Why, shee thinkes you have forgotten her.

Sophos. Nay, then let heavens in sorrow end my dayes.

And fatall fortune never cease to frowne;

And heaven and earth, and all conspire to putt mee downe;

If blacke oblivion seize upon my heart,

Once to estrange my thoughts from *Lelias* lover.

Fortenaker. Why *Nurse*, I am sure that *Dall* heares from

Sophos once a day at least by *Charmoth* the Lawyer,

Who is his only friend.

Nurse.

WILT BEGVILD.

Nurse. What, young Master? God bleſſe mine eye-ſight! Now by my maydenhead y^e are welcome home, I am ſure my Miſtreſſe will be glad to ſee you. But what ſay you of Maſter *Charms*?

Forin. Marry, I ſay he's a wel-willer to my ſiſter *Lelia*, And a ſecret friend to *Sophos*.

Nurſe. Marry the Devill he is: truſt him, and hang him. Why, hee cannot ſpeake a good word on him to my old maſter; and he does ſo riſe before my Miſtreſſe with his Barbarian eloquence, and ſtrut before her in a paire of Polonian legges, as he were a Gentleman Viſher to the great Turke, or to the Devill of *Demogorgon*. And if my miſtreſſe would be rul'd by him, *Sophos* might goe ſnick-up: But he has ſuch a butter-milke face, that ſhee'll never have him.

Sophos. Can falſhood lurke in thoſe inticing lookes? And deepe diſſemblance lye, where truth appears?

Forin. Injurious villany, to betray his friend!

Nurſe. Sir, doe you know the Gentleman?

Forin. Faith not well.

Nurſe. Why ſir, hee lookes like a red Hering at a Noble-mans table on Eaſter day, and hee ſpeakes nothing but Almond-butter, and Sugar-candy.

Forin. That's Excellent.

Sophos. This world's the Chaos of confuſion: No world at all but maſſe of open wrongs, Wherein a man, as in a map, may ſee, The high roade-way from woe to miſery.

Forin. Content your ſelfe, and leave theſe paſſions, Now doe I ſound the depth of all their drifts, The Devils device, and *Charms*, his knavery: On whom his heart vowed to be reveng'd, He ſcatter them: the plot's already in my head.

Nurſe. hie thee home, commend me to my ſiſter: Bid her this night ſend for maſter *Charms*, To him ſhe muſt recount her many griefes, Exclaime againſt her Fathers hard constraint,

And!

WILY BEGVILD.

And so cunningly temporize with this cunning *Casse*,
 That he may thinke she loves him as her life:
 Bid her tell him, that if by any meanes
 He can convey her forth her fathers gate,
 Vnto a secret friend of hers;
 The way to whom lyes by the Forrest side,
 That none but he shall haue her to his bride.
 For her departure, let her point the time,
 Tomorrow night when *Vesper* gins to shine,
 Here will I be, when *Lilla* comes this way,
 Accompanied with her Gentleman-usker,
 Whose amorous thoughts doe dreame on nought but love,
 And this Bastinado hold,
 He make him leaue his wench with *Sophos* for a pawne:
 Let him alone to use him in his kind,
 This is the Trap which for him I haue laid,
 Thus craft by cunning once shall be betrayed;
 And for the Devill, Ile conjure him:
 Good *Nurse* be gone: bid he not faile,
 And for a token, beare to her this ring,
 Which well she knowes, for when I saw her last,
 It was her fauour, and she gave it me.

Sophos. And beare her this from me;
 And with this Ring, bid her receive my heart:
 My heart? alas, my heart I cannot give,
 How should I give her that which is her owne?

Nurse. And your heart be hers, her heart is yours,
 And to change is not robbery.

Well, Ile give her your Tokens, and tell her what ye say.

Fortunatus. Doe good *Nurse*: but in any case let not my
 Father know that I am here, untill we haue effected all our
 purposes.

Nurse. Ile warrant you, I will not play with you,
 As Master *Charms* does with *Sophos*.

I would ha my cares cut from my head first. *Exit Nurse.*

Fortunatus. Come *Sophos*, chere up your selfe, man,
 Let hope expell these melancholy dumps.

Meane

WILT BEGUILD

Meane while, lets in,
Expecting how the events of this device will fall.
Vntill to morrow at th' appointed time,
When wee expect the comming of your Love,
What man, Ile worke it through the fire,
But you shall have her.

Sopho. And I will study to deserve this love, *Exeunt.*

Enter William Crickete Julius.

Will. Looke on me, and looke of Master *Charmus*:
A good proper man;
Marry Master *Charmus* has something a better paire off
Legges indeed:
But for a sweet Face, a fine Beard, comely corpes,
And a carowling Codpeece,
All England if it can
Shew me such a man,
To win a wench by gis,
To clip, to coll, to kisse,
As *William Crickete* is.
Why looke you now, if I had bin such a great long, large,
Lobcocke, loseld Lurden, as Master *Charmus* is,
Ile warrant you, I should never have got *Pegge* as long as I had
lived: for (doe you marke) a Wench will never love a man
that has all his substance in his Legges.
But stay: here comes my Land-lord,
I must goe and salute him.

Enter old Ploddall, and his sonne Peter.

Ploddall. Come hither *Peter*, when didst thou see *Abbin-good-fellow*? He's the man must doe the fact.

Peter. Faith Father, I see him not this two dayes; but Ile seeke him out: for I know he'le doe the deed, and there were twenty *Lelias*.

For Father, he's a very cunning man: for, give him but rense groates, and he'le give me a Powder, that will make *Lelias* come to bed to me:

WILL BEGUILD.

And when I have her there, Ile use her well enough.

Ploddall. Will he so? Marry I will give him forty shillings, if I can doe it.

Peter. Nay, he'll doe more than that too, For he'll make him selfe like a Devill, and fray the Schooller that hankers about her, out on's wits.

Ploddall. Marry, Iesus bleesse us: will he so? Marry thou shalt have forty shillings to give him, and thy mother shall bestow a hard Cheese on him beside,

Will. Land-lord, a pox on you, this good mornie.

Ploddall. How now foole, dost curse me?

Will. How now foole, how now Caterpillar?

It's a signe of death, when such vermine creepe hedges so early in the morning.

Peter. Sirra, Foule manners, doe you know to whom you speake?

Will. Indeed *Peter*, I must confesse I want some of your wooing manners, or else I might have turn'd my faire bush taylor to you in stead of your father: and have given you the ill salutation this morning.

Ploddall. Let him alone *Peter*; Ile temper him well ynough.

Sirra, I heare say you must be married shortly, Ile make you pay a sweet fine for your house, for this, Ha sirra, am not I your Land-lord?

Will. Yes for fault of a better; but you get neither sweet fine, nor sower fine of me.

Ploddall. My Masters, I pray you beare witnesse: I doe discharge him then.

Will. My Masters, I pray you beare witnesse: My Land-lord has given me a generall discharge. Ile be married presently, my fine's payd: I have a discharge for it.

Ploddall. Nay prethee stay.

Will. No, Ile not stay, Ile goe call the Clarke, Ile be cryed out upon in the Church presently, What ho, What Clarke I say, where are you?

Enter Clarke.
Clarke.

WILT BE WILD?

Clarke. Who calls me, what would you have with me?
Will. Marry Sir, I would have you to make proclamation, that if any manner of man, 'tith' Towne, or 'tith' Country, can lay any charge to *Peggs Pudding*, let him bring word to the cryer, or else *William Cricker* will wipe his nose of her.

Clarke. You meane you would be askt ith Church?

Will. I, that's it: a bots on't, I cannot hit of these marrying tearms yet.

And Ile desire my Land-lord here and his sonne, to be at the celebration of my marriage too: Yfaith *Peter*, you shall cramme your guts full of Cheelecakes and custards there.

And sirra *Clarke*, if thou wilt say Amen stoutly:

Yfaith my powder-beefe shalve, Ile have a rumpe of beefe for thee, shall make thy month stand oth tother side.

Clarke. When would you have it done?

Will. Marry eene as soone as may be: I will be askt ith Church of Sunday at morning prayer, and againe at evening prayer: and the next Holiday that comes I will be askt ith forenoone; and married it in afternoon: For (doe you marke?) I am none of these meddling fellows that will stand thumming of Caps, and studying upon a matter as long as *Humbes* with the great head has beine about to shew his little wit, in the second part of his paultrie poetrie: but if I begin with wooing, Ile end with Wedding.

And therefore good *Clarke*, let mee have it done with all speed: for I promise you, I am very sharpe set.

Clarke. Faith you may bee askt ith Church on Sunday at Morning prayer: but Sir *John* cannot tend to doe it at Evening prayer: for there comes a Company of Players 'tith Towne on Sunday ith afternoon; and Sir *John* is so good a fellow, that I know he'll scarce leave their company, to say Evening prayer. For (though I say it) he's a very painefull man, and takes to great delight in that faculty, that he'll take as great paines

WILT BEGVILD.

about building of a Stage, or so, as the basest fellow among them.

Will. Nay, if he have so lawfull an excuse, I am content to deferre it one day the longer:

And Land-lord, I hope, you and your son *Peter* will make bold with us, and trouble us.

Ploddall. Nay *William*, wee would be loath to trouble you: But you shall have our company there.

Will. Faith you shall be hartily welcome, and we will have good merry Rogues there, that will make you laugh till you burst.

Peter. Why, *William*, what company doe you meane to have?

Will. Marry, first and formost, there will be an honest Dutch Cobler, that will sing (*I will no more to Bargin goe*) the best that ever you did heare.

Ploddall. What must a Cobler be your chiefe guest? Why he's a base fellow.

Will. A base fellow? you may be ashamed to say so; For he's a honest fellow, and a good fellow, And he begins to carry the very badge of good fellowship upon his nose; that I doe not doubt but in time, hee will prove as good a cuppe-companion as *Robin-good-fellow* himselfe:

I, and he's a tall fellow, and a man of his hand too; For Ile tell you what, tye him to'th Bul-ring, and for a Bag-pudding, a Custard, a Cheese-cake, a Hogs Cheeke or a Calves head turne any man i'th towne to him and if hee doe not prove himselfe as tall a man as he, let blind *Hugh bewick* him, and turne his body into a Barrell of strong Ale, and let his Nose be the Spiggat, his mouth the Posset, and his Tongue a Plugge for the bung-hole.

And then there will be *Robin-good-fellow*, as good a drunken Rogue as lives; and *Tom Shoemaker*, and I hope you will not deny that he's an honest man, for hee was Constable o'th Towne.

And a number of other honest Rascals; which though they are:

WILY BEGUILD.

are growne bankrupts, and live at the reversion of other mens tables,

Yet (thanks be to God) they have a penny amongst them at all times at their need.

Ploddall. Nay, if *Robin-good-fellow* be there you shall be sure to have our company :

For he's one that we heare very well of;

And my sonne here has some occasion to use him :

And therefore if we may know when 'tis,

We'll make bold to trouble you.

Will. Yes, Ile send you word:

Ploddall. Why then farewell, till we heare from you.

Exeunt Ploddall and his sons.

Will. Well *Clarke*, youle see this matter bravely performed: let it be done as it should be.

Clarke. Ile warrant ye, feare not.

Will. Why then goe you to Sir *John*, and Ile to my wench, and bid her give her Maydenhead warning to prepare it selfe; for the distraction of it is at hand.

Exeunt.

Enter Leliafeld:

Lelia. How Love and Fortune both, with eager mood,
Like greedy Hounds, doe hunt my tyred heart,
Row'd forth the thicketts of my wonted joyes:
And *Cupid* winds his shrill note Bugle home,
For joy my silly heart so neere is spent:
Desire, that eager Curre pursues the chase,
And fortune rides amaine unto the fall:
Now Sorrow sings, and mourning beares a part;
Playing harsh descant on my yeelding heart.

Enter Nurse:

Nurse. What newes?

Nurse. Faith, a whole Sacke full of newes:
You love *Sophy*, and *Sophy* loves you;
And *Peter Ploddall* loves you; and you love not him:
And you love not Master *Churms*, and he loves you;

WILY BEGVILD.

And so he's love and no love,
And I love, and I love not,
And I cannot tell what
But of all, and of all, Master *Charms* must be the many you must
love.

Lelia. Nay, first Ile mount me on the winged wind,
And flee for succour to the farthest Ind,
Must I love Master *Charms*?

Nurse. Faith you must, and you must not.

Lelia. As how, I pray thee?

Nurse. Marry I have commendations to you.

Lelia. From whom?

Nurse. From your brother *Fortunatus*.

Lelia. My brother *Fortunatus*?

Nurse. No, from *Sophos*.

Lelia. From my Love?

Nurse. No, from neither.

Lelia. From neither?

Nurse. Yes from both.

Lelia. Prethee leave thy foolery, and let mee know thy
newes.

Nurse. Your brother *Fortunatus*, and your Love, to morrow
night will meet you by the Forrest side,
The eto conferre about I know not what:
But 'tis like that *Sophos* will make you of his privy counsell be-
fore you come againe.

Lelia. Is *Fortunatus* then returned from the warres?

Nurse. He is with *Sophos* every day,

But in any case you must not let your father know,
For he hath sworne he will not be descryd,
Vntill he hath effected your desires,
For he swaggers, and swares out of all cry,
That he will venture all,

Both fame, and blood, and limme, and life,
But *Lelia* shall be *Sophos* wedded wife.

Lelia. Alas, *Nurse*, My fathers jealous braine,
Doth scarce allow me once a month to goe,

Beyond

WILY BEGVILD.

Beyond the compasse of his watchfull eyes,
Nor once afford me any conference,
With any man, except with master *Churms*,
Whose crafty braine beguiles my father so,
That he reposeth truth in none but him:
And though he seeke for favour at my hand,
He takes his marke amisse and shoots awry:
For I had rather see the Divell himselfe,
Then *Churms* the Lawyer:
Therefore how I should meet him by the Forrest side,
I cannot possibly devise.

Nurse. And Master *Churms* must bee the man must worke the
meanes.

You must this night send for him:
Make him beleewe you love him mightily,
Tell him you have a secret friend dwells far away beyond the
Forrest:

To whom, if he can secretly convey you from your father,
Tell him you will love him better than ever God loved him:
And when you come to the place appointed,
Let them alone to discharge the knife of Clubs:
And that you must not faile,

Here receive this Ring which *Fortunatus* sent you for a
token:

This is the plot that you must prosecute,
And this from *Sophras* his true loves pledge.

Lelia. This Ring my brother sent, I know right well,
But this, my true Loves pledge, I more esteeme
Then all the Golden mines the soyled earth contains:
And see in happy time here comes Master *Churms*. *Enter Ch.*
Now Love, and Fortune, both conspire,
And sort their drifts to compass my desires.
Master *Churms*, Y^e are well met: I am glad to see you.

Churms. And I as glad to see faire *Lelia*,
As ever *Paris* was to see his deare:
For whom so many Trojans blood was spilt;
Nor thinke, I would doe lesse then spend my dearest blood,

To

WILT BEGVILD.

To gaine faire *Lelias* Love, although by losse of life.

Nurse. Faith Mistresse, he speakes like a Gentleman :

Let me perswade you,

Be not hard-harted,

Sophos ? Why, what's he ?

If hee had lov'd you but halfe so well, hee would ha come through stone walles but hee would have come to you ere this.

Lelia. I must confesse I once lov'd *Sophos* well,
But now I cannot love him, whom all the world knowes to be a dissembler.

Churms. Ere I would wrong my love with one dayes absence,

I would passe the boyling *Hellefont*,

As once *Leander* did for *Heroes* love :

Or undertake a greater taske then that,

Ere I would be disloyall to my love;

And if that *Lelia* give her free consent,

That both our loves may sympathize in one,

My hand, my heart, my love, my life, and all,

Shall ever tend on *Lelias* faire command.

Lelia. Master *Churms*, mee thinkes 'tis strange, you should make such a motion :

Say I should yeeld, and grant you love,

When most you should expect a sun-shine day,

My Fathers will would marre your hop't for hay :

And when you thought to reap the fruits of love,

His hard constraint, would blast it in the bloome :

For he so dotes on *Peter Ploddalls* pelfe,

That none but hee for sooth must bee the man :

And I will rather match my selfe

Vnto a groom of *Plutoes* grievely denne,

Then unto such a silly golden Asse.

Churms. Bravely resolved yfaith.

Lelia. But to be short :

I have a secret friend that dwells from hence,

Some two dayes journey, that's the most,

And

WILT BEGUILD.

And if you can, (as well I know you may,) convey me
thither secretly :
For company I desire no other then your owne :
Here take my hand :
That once perform'd my heart is next.

Charms. If on th' adventure all the dangers lay,
That *Europe*, or the *Western* world affords,
Were it to combat *Cerberus* himselſe,
Or scale the brazen walls of *Plutus* Count;
When as there is ſo faire a Prize propos'd,
If I shrinke backe ; or leave it unperform'd,
Let the world Canonize me for a Coward ;
Appoint the time, and leave the rest to me.

Lelia. When nights blacke mantle overſpreads the ſky,
And dayes bright Lampe is drenched in the Weſt,
To morrow night, I thinke the fitteſt time,
That ſilent ſhade may give our ſafe convey,
Vnto our wiſhed hopes, unſeene of living eye.

Charms. And at that time I will not faile,
In that, or ought that may avayle.

Nurſe. But what if *Sophus* ſhould meet you in the Forreſt
ſide ;
And incounter you with his ſingle Rapier ?

Charms. *Sophus* ? a hop of my thumbe, a wretch a wretch ;
Should *Sophus* meet us there accompanied with ſome
Champion,
VVith whom 'twere any credit to encounter,
VVere he as ſtout as *Hercules* himſelſe,
Then would I buckle with them hand to hand,
And bandy blowes as thicke as haileſtones fall,
And carry *Lelia* away, in ſpight of all their force,
VVhat ? Love will make Cowards fight ;
Much more a man of my reſolution.

Lelia. And on your reſolution Ile depend, untill to mor-
row arth' appointed, when Ile looke for you :
Till when, Ile leave you and goe make preparation for our
journey.

Exeunt Lelia and Nurſe.

H

Charms

WILT BEGINNED.

Churms. Farewell faire Love, untill wee meet againe! *Exe.*
Why so: did I not tell you shee would bee glad to runne away
with me at length?

VVhy this falls out, eene as a man would say, *Thou* would
have it.

But now I must cast about for money too:

Let me see: I have outlaw'd three or foure of *Gripe* debtors

And I have the Bonds in mine owne hands:

The summe that is due to him, is some two or three hundred
pounds,

VVell, Ile to them: if I can get one halfe,

Ile deliver them their bonds, and leave the other halfe to their

owne conscience; and so I shall be sure to get money to beare

my charges:

When all failes, well-fare a good wit.

But soft, no more of that:

Here comes Master *Gripe*.

Enter, Gripe

Gripe. *VVhat* Master *Churms*? *VVhat* all alone? how fares your
body?

Churms. Faith sir, reasonable well: I am eene walking hereto
take the fresh ayre.

Gripe. 'Tis very holosome this faire weather:

But Master *Churms*, how like you my Daughter?

Can you doe any good on her? will she be rul'd yet?

How stands shee affected to *Peter Ploddall*?

Churms. O very well sir: I have made her very con-
formable.

O let me alone to perswade a woman:

I hope you shall see her married within this weeke at most;

I meane to my selfe. *He speaks to himselfe.*

Gripe. Master *Churms*, I am so exceedingly beholding to
you,

I cannot tell how I shall requite your kindnesse;

But i'th meane time her's a brace of Angels for you to drinke
for your paines.

This

WILT BEGUILD:

This newes hath bene lightened my heart.
O fir, my neighbour *Ploddall* is very wealthy.
Come Master, *Churms*, you shall goe home with me,
We'll have good chieere and be merry for this to night yfaith.
Churms. Well let them laugh that winne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pegge and her Grannam.

Pegge. Grannam, give me but two crowns of red gold.
And Ile give ycu two pence of white silver,
If *Robin* the Devill be not a water-witch.

Mother Mid. Marry, Iesus bleffe us: Why prethee?

Pegge. Marry, Ile tell you why.

Vpon the morrow after the blessed New-yeere,
I came trip, trip, trip, over the market hill,
Holding up my Petticoate to the calves of my legges,
To shew my fine coloured stockings,
And how finely I could foote it in a paire of new cork't shooes
I had bought:

And there I spied this *Mansfire Muffe*, lye gaping up into the
skies,

To know how many Maydes would bee with child in the
Towne all the yeere after:

O'tis a base vexation slave,

How the Country talkes of the large-rib'd varlet.

Mother Mid. Marry out upon him: what a Friday-fac'd slave
it is:

I thinke in my conscience, his face never keepe holiday.

Pegge. VVhy, his face can never be at quiet,

He has such a chollericke Nose,

I durst ha sworn by my mayden-head,

(God forgive me that I should take such an oath)

That if *William* had had such a nose, I should never ha' loved
him.

Enter Will Cricket.

Will. VVhat tattling is here of Noses?

Come *Pegge*, we are toward marriage, let us talke of that may
doe us good; Grannam, what will you give us towards house-
keeping?

WILT BEGILD.

Mother M. Why *William*, we are talking of *Robin* good-fellow
What thinke you of him?

Will. Marry I say, he looks like a Tankard-bearer
That dwells in Petticoat-lane, at the signe of the Mearemaid;
and I sweare by the blood of my Godpeece,
And I were a woman, I would lagge off his love eares,
Or run him to death with a spit, and for his face,
I thinke 'tis pittie, there is none. Law made,
That it should be felony to name it in any other places
Than in bowdy-houses.

But Grannam, what will you give us?

Mother M. Marry I will give *Peggie* a Pot and a Pan;
Two Platters, a Dish, and a Spoon, a Dog and a Cat; I throw
shee le prove a good House-wife,
And love her huskand well too.

Will. If she love mee, Ile love her: yfaith my sweet honey-
combe, Ile love thee, *A per se A.*

We must be ask't in Church next Sunday; and wee le be mar-
ried presently.

Peggie. Yfaith *William* weele have a merry day on't.

Mother Mid. That we will yfaith *Peggie* weele have a whofe
noyse of Fidlers there:

Come *Peggie*, let's hye us home; weele make a Bag-pudding to
supper,

And *William* shall goe and sup with us.

Will. Come on yfaith. *Exunt.*

Enter Fortunians and Sophos. (Clove)

For. Why how now *Sophos*, all a mort? still languishing in
Will not the presence of thy friend prevaile?

Nor hope expell these fullen fits?

Cannot mirth wring, if but a forged smile

From those sad drooping lookes of thine?

Rely on hope, whose hap will lead thee right

To her, whom thou doest call thy hearts delight

Looke cheerely man, the time is neere at hand,

That *Hymen* mounted on a snow-white Coach,

Shall tend on *Sophos* and his lovely Bride.

Sophos

WILT BEGUILD.

Sophus. 'Tis impossible : her Father, her Father,
He's all for *Peter Ploddall*!

Fortunatus. Should I but see that *Ploddall* offer love,
This sword should pierce the peasants brest,
And chase his soule from of his accursed corps,
By an unwonted way, into the grisly lake.
But now the appointed time is neere,
That *Churms* should come, with his suppoled love :
Then sit we downe under these leavy shades ; (*They sit downe.*)
And wayte the time of *Lelia's* wisht approach.

Sophus. I, here Ile wayte for *Lelia's* wisht approach ;
More wisht to me, than is a calme at seas
To shipwracke soules, when great God *Neptune* frownes.
Though sad despaire hath almost drown'd my hopes,
Yet would I passe the burning vaults of *Orke*,
As erst did *Hercules* to fetch his Love.
If I might meet my Love upon the strand,
And but enjoy her Love one minute of an houre. *Enter Robin.*
But stay, what man or devill, or hellish fiend, comes here,
Transformed in this ougly unquoth shape?

Fortu. O, peace a while, you shall see good sport anon.

Robin. Now I am clothed in this hellish shape,
If I could meet with *Sophus* in these woods,
O, he would take me for the Devill himselfe,
I should ha good laughing, beside the forty shillings *Peter Ploddall* has given mee : and if I get no more, I am sure of that,
But soft : now I must try my cunning, for here hee sits.

The high commander of the damned soules,
Great *Dis*, the Duke of Devils, and Prince of *Limbo lake*,
High Regent of *Acheron*, *Styx*, and *Phlegeton*,
By strict command from *Pluto* Hells great Monarch,
And faire *Proserpina* the Queene of Hell,
By full consent of all the damned Hagges,
And all the fiends that keepe the *Strygian* plaines,
Hath sent me here from depth of under ground,
To summon thee to appeare at *Plutoes* Court.

Fortunatus. A man, or devill, or what so're thou art ;

WILT BEGUILD.

Ile try if blowes will drive thee downe to hell.
Belike thou art the Devils Parator,
The basest officer char lives in hell,
For such thy words imports thee for to be:
'Tis pittie you should come so farre without a fee:
And because I know money goes low with *Sophes*,
Ile pay you your fees: *He beats him.*
Take that, and that, and that, upon thee.

Robin. O, good sir, I beseech you, Ile doe any thing.

Fortinbras. Then downe to hell, for sure thou art a Devill.

Robin. O, hold your hands, I am not a Devill by my troth,

Fortinbras. Sounds dost thou crosse mee? I say thou art a Devill. *Beats him againe.*

Robin. O Lord sir, save my life: and Ile say as you say,
Or any thing else you'le ha' me doe.

Fortinbras. Then stand up, and make a preachment of thy pedigree, and how at the first thou learn'dst this devillish trade:
Vp I say. *Beats him.*

Robin. O, I will sir: *Stands upon a stoole.*
Although in some places I beare the title of a scurvy Gentleman:

By birth, I am a Boat-wrights Sonne of Hull,
My father got me of a refus'd Hagge,
Vnder the old ruines of *Boobies* barne;
Who as she liv'd at length she likewise dyed,
And for her good deeds, went unto the Devill:
But hell, not wont to harbour such a guest,
Her fellow Fiends doe daily make complaint,
Vnto grim *Pluto*, and his Lady *Queene*,
Of her unruly mis-behaviour:
Intreating that a Pasport might be drawne
For her to wander till the day of Doome
On earth againe, to vex the minds of men,
And swore she was the fittest Fiend in hell,
To drive men to desperation.

WILL BEGUILD.

To this intent, her Passport then was drawne,
And in a whistle wind forth of hell she came;
Ore hills she hurles, and scowels along the plaines;
The trees flew up by th' roots, the earth did quake for feare;
The houses tumble downe; she playes the Divell and all:
At length not finding any one to fit
To effect her devillish charge, as I:
She comes to me, as to her onely child,
And me her instrument breathes she made;
And by that meanes, I learn'd that devillish trade,

Sopho. O monstrous villaine.

Fortu. But tell me what's thy course of life?
And how thou stittest for maintenance in the world?

Robin. Faith, I am in a manner a Promoter;
Or more fully reard a Promoting Knave;
I creepe into the presence of great men,
And under colour of their friendships,
Effect such wonders in the world,
That Babes will curse me that are yet unborn;
Of the best men, I raise a common fame,
And honest women, rob of their good name;
Thus daily tumbling in comes all my drift:
That I get best, is got but by a shift:
But the chiefe course of all my life,
Is to set discord betwixt man and wife.

Fortu. Out upon thee Caniball. *He beates him.*
Dost thou thinke thou shalt ever come to Heaven?

Robin. I little hope for heaven, or heavenly blisse:
But if in hell doth any place remaine,
Of more esteeme than is another roomie,
I hope as a guardon for my just desert,
To have it for my detestable act.

Fortu. Wert not thy tongue condemnes thy guilt to foule;
I could not thinke that on this living earth,
Dibreath a Villaine more audacious;
Goe get thee gone, and come not in my walke. *Beates him.*
For if thou dost, thou comest unto thy woe.

Robin.

WILT BEGUILD?

Rob. The devill him selfe was never conjur'd so. (*Exit Rob.*)

Sophos. Sure he's no man, but an incarnate Devill,
Whose ongly shape be wrayes his monstrous mind.

Fortn. And if he be a devill, I am sure he's gone:
But *Churms* the Lawyer will be here anon,
And with him comes my sister *Lelia*:

'Tis he I am sure you looke for.

Sophos. Nay she it is that I expect so long.

Fortn. Then sit we downe untill we heare more news:
This but a Prologue to our play ensues. *They sit downe.*

Enter Churms, and Lelia.

But see where *Churms* and *Lelia* comes along:

He walkes as stately as the great Baboone,
Sounds, he lookes as though his mother were a Mid-wife.

Sophos. Now gentle *Jove*, great Monarke of the world,
Grant good successe unto my wandring hopes:

Churms. Now *Phabus* silver-eye is drencht in westrne deepe:
And *Luna* gins to show her splendent rayes,
And all the harmelesse Quiresters of woods,
Doe take repose, save onely *Philomell*.

Whose heavy tunes doe evermore record
With mornefull layes the losses of her love.
Thus farre faire Love, wee passe in secret sort,
Beyond the compasse of thy fathers bounds;
Where he on downe-soft bed securely sleeps,
And not so much as dreames of our depart.

The dangr's past, now thinke of nought but love,
He be thy deare, be thou my hearts delight.

Sophos. Nay first He send thy soule to coale-blacke night.

Churms. Thou promis'dst love, now seale with a kisse.

Fortunatus. Nay, soft sir, your marke's at the fairest,
Forswear her love, and seale it with a kisse,
Vpon the burnisht splendor of this blade,
Or it shall rip the vitals of thy pleasant heart.

Sophos. Nay, let me doe it, that's my part.

Churms. You wrong me much to rob me of my Love.

Sophos. Avaunt base dragard, *Lelia's* mine.

Churms

WILT BE DYED.

Charms. Shee lately promis'd love to me.

Fortu. Peace, Night-raven, peace, He end this tedious
versie.

Come *Lelia*, stand betwene them both,
As equall Judge, to end the strife:

Say which of these shall have thee to his wife:

I can devise no better way than this:

Now chuse thy Love and greet him with a kisse.

Lelia, My choyce is made and here it is. *She Kisses Sophos*

Sophos. See here the mirror of true constancy:

Whose stedfast love deserves a Princes worth.

Lelia, Master *Charms* are you not well?

I must confesse I would have chosen you,

But that I ne'r beheld your legges then now:

Trust me, I never lookt so low before.

Charms. I know you use to looke aloft.

Lelia. Yet not so high as your crowne.

Charms. VVhat if you had?

Lelia. Faith I should have spied a Calves head.

Charms. Sounds, coozend of the wench, and scoft too!

'Tis intolerable: and shall I lose her thus?

How't mads mee, that I brought not my Sword and buckler

with me!

Fortu. VVhat, are you in your Sword and buckler termes?

He put you out of that humour:

There, *Lelia* sends you that by me, *Beats him*

And that to recompence your lovers desire:

And that, as payment for your well earn'd hire.

Goe, get thee gone, and boast of *Lelias* Love.

Charms. Where ere I goe, He leave with her my curse,

And raile on you with speeches vild.

Fortu. A crafty knave was never so beguil'd,

Now *Sophos* hopes have had their lucky haps,

And hee enjoys the presence of his Love,

My vow's perform'd and I am full reveng'd

Vpon this hell-bred brace of cursed Imps:

Now rests nought but my Fathers free conseng.

WILT BEGUILD

To knit the knot, that time can ne'r untwist.
 And that, as this, I likewise will performe:
 No sooner shall *Auroras* pearle dew
 Ore-sprede the mantled earth with silver drops,
 And *Phabus* blesse the Orient with a blush,
 To chase black night to his deformed Cell,
 But Ile repaire unto my Fathers house,
 And never cease with my inticing words,
 To worke his will to knit this Gordian knot:
 Till when, Ile leave you to your amorous chat:
 Deare friend, adieu, faire sister too farewell,
 Betake your selves unto some secret place,
 Vntill you heare from me how things fall out.

Exit Fortin.

Sophos. We both doe with a fortunate good-night.
Lelia. And pray the Gods to guide thy steps aright.
Sophos. Now come faire *Lelia*, lets betake our selves
 Vnto a little Hermitage here by:
 And there to live obscured from the world,
 Till Fates and Fortunes call us thence away,
 To see the sun-shine of our Nuptiall day.
 See how the twinkling starres doe hide their borrowed shine:
 As halfe asham'd their lustre is lostain'd,
 By *Lelias* beauteous eyes, that shine more bright
 Than twinkling starres doe in a winters night:
 In such a night did *Paris* win his Love.

Lelia. In such a night *Aeneas* prov'd unkind.

Sophos. In such a night did *Troilus* court his deare.

Lelia. In such a night faire *Phyllis* was betrayd.

Sophos. Ile prove as true as ever *Troilus* was.

Lelia. And I as constant as *Penelope*.

Sophos. Than let us folow, and in loves delight,
 And sweet imbracings spend the live-long night:
 And whilst love mounts her, on her wanton wings,
 Let Descant run on Musicks silver strings.

Exeunt.

A Song.

WILT BEGUILD.

A SONG.

O La Tithon must forsake his deare,
The Larke doe chaunt her cheerefull lay;
Aurora smiles with merry cheere,
To welcome in a happy day.

The Beasts doe skippe,
The sweete Birds sing;
The Wood-Nymphs dance,
The Echoes ring.

The hollow Caves with joy resounds,
And Pleasure every where abounds;
The Graces linking hand in hand,
In Love have knit a glorious band.

Enter Robin-good-fellow, and old Ploddall, and

his sonne Peter.

Ploddall. Heare you Master Good-fellow; how have you sped?

Peter. Ha you plaid the Devill bravely; and scar'd the Scholler out on's wits?

Robin. A pox of the Scholler.

Ploddall. Nay, hearke you, I sent you vorty shillings, and you shall have the Cheefe I promis'd you too.

Robin. A plague of the vorty shillings and the cheefe too.

Peter. Heare you, will you give me the powder you told me of?

Robin. How you vex me! powder quotha?
Sounds, I ha been powder'd.

Ploddall. Sonne, I doubt he will prove craftie knave; and coozen us of our money:

WILL BEKILD.

VVeele goe to Master Justice and complaine on him, and get him whipt out of the Country for a Connicatcher.

Peter. I, or have his eares nayld to the Pillory:
Come let's goe.

Enter Churms.

Churms. Fellow *Robin*, what newes, how goes the world?

Robin. Faith, the world goes I cannot tell how:
How speed you with your wench?

Churms. I would the wench were at the Devill:
A plague upon't, I never say my prayers,
And that makes me have such ill lucke.

Robin. I thinke the Schollar be-hanted me with some Demoy-
devill.

Churms. VVhy, didst thou fray him?

Robin. Fray him? a vengeance on't, all our shifting knaveri's
knowne:

VVe are counted very vagrants,
Sounds, I am afraid of every Officer for whipping.

Churms. VVe are horribly hanted: our behaviour is so beastly,
that wee are growne lothsome; our craft get us nought but
knocks.

Robin. VVhat course shall we take now?

Churms. Faith, I cannot tell; let's eene run our Country,
For here's no staying for us.

Robin. Faith agreed, let's goe into some place where we are
not known, and there set up the art of knavery with the second
edition.

Enter Gripsalus.

Grips. Every one tells mee I looke better then I was wont,
My heart's lightned, my spirits are revived:

VVhy, me thinkes I am young againe;
It joys my heart, that this same peevish girle my daughter will
be rul'd at the last yet:

But I shall never be able to make Master *Churms* amends for the
great paines he hath taken.

Enter.

WILT BEGUILD.

Nurse. Master, now our upom, welladay, we are all up done.

Gripe. Undone! What sodaine accident hath chanced? Speake, what's the matter?

Nurse. Alas, that ever I was borne! My Mistresse and M. Churms are run away together.

Gripe. Th' not possible; nor will I: I doest trust Master Churms with a greater matter than that.

Nurse. Faith you must trust him whether you will or no, For he's gone.

Will. M. Gripe, I was comming to desire that I might have your absence at my wedding: for I heere say you are very liberrall growne, alas!

For I spake with three or foure of your debtors this morning, that ought you a hundred pound a peece, And they told me that you sent M. Churms to them, and tooke off some ten pounds, And of some twenty, and delivered them their bonds, And bade them pay the rest when they were able.

Gripe. I am undone, I am robd, my daughter, my money! Which way are they gone?

Will. Faith sir, 'tis all to nothing, but your daughter and M. Churms are gone both one way. Marry your money flies some one way and some another: And therefore 'tis but a folly to make hue and cry after it.

Gripe. Follow them, make hue, and cry after them! My daughter, my money, all's gone, what shall I doe?

Will. Faith if you will be ruled by mee, Ile tell you what you shall doe:

(Marke what I say) for Ile teach you the way to come to Heaven, if you stumble not:

Give all you have to the poore, but one single penny;

And with that penny, buy you a good strong halber,

And when you have done so, come to me, and Ile tell you what you shall doe with it.

WILT BEGVILD.

Gripe. Bring mee my daughter, that *Charms* that villaine;
He tear him with my teeth.

Nurse. Master, nay doe not run mad,
He tell you good newes.

My young Master *Fortunatus* is come home;
And see where he comes.

Gripe. If thou hadst said *Lelia*, it had bene some thing;
Fortu. Thus *Fortunatus* greetes his father;

And craves his Blessing on his bended knee.

Gripe. I, here's my Sonne: but *Lelia* she'll not come;
Good *Fortunatus* rise, wilt thou shed teares,

And helpe thy Father mone?
If so, say I: if not, good Sonne be gone.

Fortunatus. What moves my Father to these uncouth fits?
Will. Faith sir, he's almost mad: I thinke hee cannot tell

you:
And therefore I presuming sir, that my wits are something

better than his at this time, (doe you marke sir?)
Out of the profound circumbulation of my supernaturall

wit, sir (doe you understand?)
Will tell you the whole superfluity of the matter, sir:

Your sister *Lelia* sir, you know is a woman,
As another woman is, sir.

Fortu. Well, and what of that?
Will. Nay, nothing sir, but she fell in love with one *Sophia*

a very proper wise young man, sir:
Now sir, your Father would not let her have him, sir:

But would have married her to one, sir,
That would have fed her with nothing but Barly. Baggud-

dings and fat Bacon.
Now sir, to tell you the truth;

The foole (yee know) has foraine to Land: But *Mistresse*
Lelia mouth doth not hang for that kind of dyet.

Fortu. And how then?
Will. Marry then there was a certaine cracking, coggling,

pettifogging, Butter-milke slave sir, one *Charm* sir, that

MIAN BEGYLD.

Is the very quintessence of all the Knaves in the bunch
And if the best man of all his kin had bene but so good
as a Yeomans sonne,

He should have bene a markes leasely Lettens parente
And hee sir, comes mee sneaking, and roozens them both of
their wench, and is run away with her
And sir, belike hee has cozened your father here of a great
deale of his money too.

Nurse. Sir, your father did trust him but too much;
But I alwayes thought he would prove a crafty Knave.

Gripe. My trust's betray'd, my joyes exil'd,
Griefe kills the heart, my hopes beguil'd.

Fortu. Where golden gaine doth please a fathers eyes,
That precious Pearle fetcht from Parvessermons
Is counted refuse, worse then Bullen Brasse
Both joyes and hopes hang on a silly twine,
That still is subject unto flitting time.

That turnes joy into griefe, and hope to sad depaure,
And ends his dayes in wretched worldly care,
Were I the richest Monarch under heaven,

And had one Daughter thrice as faire,
As was the Grecian *Menelaus* wife,

Ere I would match her to an unright waine,
Though one whose welth exceeding *Cresus* store,
Her selfe should choose and I applaud her choyce.

Of one more poore than ever *Sophia* was,
Were his deserts, but quall unto his
If I might speake without offence.

You were to blame to hinder *Lelias* choyce,
As shee in natures graces doth excell,
Sodoth *Minerva* grace him full as well.

Nurse. Now, by Cocke and Die, you never spake a true
word in your life, he's a very kind Gentleman:
For last time he was at our house, he gave me three-pence.

will. O nobly spoken: God send *Pegge* to prove as wise a
woman as her mother, and then wee shall bee sure to have wise
children.

Nay

WILY BEGGARD

Nay if he be so liberall; old Grandfire, you shall give him the good-will of your Daughter.

Gripe. Shee is not mine, I have no Daughter now: That I should say I had, thence comes my griefe:

My care of *Lelia*, past Fathers love:

My love of *Lelia*, makes my losse the more:

My losse of *Lelia*, drownes my heart in woe:

My hearts woe, makes this life a living death,

Care, Love, Losse, Hearts-woe, Living-death;

Joyne all in one to stop this vitall breath.

Curst be the time I giv'd for golden gaine,

I curse that time, I cross'd her in her choise:

Her choise was vertuous, but my will was base,

I sought to grace her from the Indian mines,

But she sought honour from the starry Mount:

What franticke fit possesse my foolish braine?

What furious fancy fired to my heart,

To hate faire vertue, and to scorne desert?

Fortunatus. Then Father give desert his due,

Let Natures graces and faire Vertues gifts;

One sympathy and happy comfort make,

Twixt *Sophos* and my sister *Lelia*'s love:

Conjoyne their hands, whose hearts have long bene one,

And so conclude a happy union.

Gripe. Now 'tis too late;

What Fates decree, can never bee recall'd:

Her lucklesse love is fallen to *Churms* his lot,

And he usurpes faire *Lelia*'s nuptiall bed.

Fortunatus. That cannot be, feare of Pursuit must needs pro-

long his nuptiall rights:

But if you give your full consent,

That *Sophos* may enjoy his long wish'd Love,

And have faire *Lelia* to this lovely Bride,

He follow *Churms* what ere betide;

He be as swift as the light-foot Roe,

And over-take him ere his journeyes end,

And bring faire *Lelia* backe unto my friend,

Gripe.

WILT BEGUILD.

Gripe. I, here's my hand, I doe consent,
And thinke her happy, in her happy choyce:
Yet halfe fore-judge my hopes will be deceiv'd
But *Fortunatus*, I must needs commend
Thy constant mind thou bearest unto thy friend.
The after-ages wondring at the name,
Shall say, 'Tis a deed deserving lasting fame.

Fortunatus. Then rest you here till I returne againe.
He goe to *Sophomore* I goe along,
And bring him here to keepe you company.
Perhaps he hath some skill in hidden Arts
Of Planets course, or secret Magickes spells,
To know where *Lilla* and this Fox lye hid,
Whose craft so cunningly convey'd his fence.

Gripe. I, here He rest an houre or twaine,
Till *Fortunatus* doe returne againe.

Will. Faith sir, this same *Churme* is a very scurvy Lawyer, for
once I put a case to him: and mee thought his Law was not
worth a Pudding.

Gripe. Why, what was your case?

Will. Marry sir, my case was a Goose case:
For my dog wearyed my neighbour Sow, and the Sow dyed.

Nurse. And hee sued you upon willful murder?

Will. No, but he went to law with me, and would make me
either pay for his Sow, or hang my Dog.
Now sir to the same Retourner I went.

Nurse. To beg his pardon for your dog?

Will. No, but to have some of his wit for my money:

I gave him his fee, and promis'd him a Goose beside for his
Counsell.

Now sir, his counsell was to deny all was askt mee.

And to crave longer time to answer.

Though I knew the case was plain.

So sir, I take his counsell, and alwayes when hee sends to
mee for his Goose, I deny it, and crave a longer time to an-
swer.

WILLY BAGGILL.

Nurse. And so the Case was yours, and the Goose was his :
 And to it came to be a Gooses case.

Will. True but now we are talking of Geese.
 See where *Pegge*, and my Gramam *Midnight* comes.

Enter Mother Midnight and Pegge.

Mother Mid. Come *Pegge*, be like your *Gramma* - make thy
 selfe smugge, wench, thou must be married to-morrow.
 Lets goe seeke thy sweet heart.
 To prepare all things in readynesse.

Pegge. Why Gramam, looke where hee is.

Will. Ha my sweet, Traillily, I thought thou couldst spy mee
 amongst a hundred honest men.

A man may see that love will creep where it is not
 Ha my sweet and too sweet shall I say the rather sweet.

Pegge. I, say so and spare not.

Will. Nay, I will not say, I will sing it.

Thou art my own sweet heart,
 From thee I long for joy,
 Thou art my Cypedilly,

And I thy Trang-didow ne-dilly.

And sing Hey ding a ding.

And when thou downe, my wife.

To give my French a kiss.

And then dance Canst thou me be it.

Ho brave William Cricket!

How like you this Gramam?

Mother Mid. Mary God benison lightethly good heart.

fort:

Ha that I were young againe!

Yfaith I was an old doer at these Long-songs, when I was a

Girl.

Nurse. Now by the Mary matters, *Pegge*, thou hast got the

merriest wooer in all Women-land.

Pegge. Faith I am none of those that love nothing but Tum

and diddle.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

If hee had not beene a merry Goofe, I would never have had him.

Will. But you may thinke I have lost all these matters passe, And in a bounding bravation, lets talke of our copulation. What good cheere shall we have to morrow? Old Grandfire Thick-skinn, you that sit there as melancholly as a mantle-tree, what will you give us toward this merry meeting?

Gripe. Marry because you told me a merry Goofes case, He bestow a fat Goofe on you, and God give you lucke.

Mother Mid. Marry well said old Master, eene God give them joy indeed, for by my ray, they are a good sweet young couple.

Will. Gramm, stand out of the way, for here comes Gentle folke will run ere you elle.

Enter Fortunatus, Sappho and Lelia.

Nurse. Master, here comes your Sothe againe.

Gripe. Is *Fortunatus* there?

Welcome *Fortunatus*, where's *Sappho*?

Fortun. Here *Sappho* is, as much more-worne with love,

As you with griefe for losse of *Lelia*.

Sappho. And ten times more, if it be possible I have

The love of *Lelia* is to me more deere

Than is a Kingdome, or the richest Crowne

That ere adorn'd the temples of a King.

Gripe. Then welcome *Sappho*, thrice more welcome now,

Than any man on earth, to me or mine,

It is not now with me as late it was,

I how'd at Learning and at Vertue spum'd:

But now my heart and minde, and all is turn'd:

Were *Lelia* here, I soone would knit the knot:

Twixt her and thee, that time could not untie;

Till fatal Sisters victory had won,

And that your glasse of life were quite out-run.

Will. Sounds, I thinke hee bee spurblind. Why *Lelia* stands

hard by him.

Lelia

WILL BAGWIL'D.

Lelia. And *Lelia* here falls prostrate on her knee,
And craves a pardon for her late offence.

Sopho. What, *Lelia* my Daughter? Stand up, Wench!

Why now my joy is full,

My heart is lightened of all sad annoy,

Now farewell griefe, and welcome home my joy.

Sopho. Take thy *Lelia* hand,

Great God of Heaven your hearts combine,

Thy virtues love to raise a happy Line.

Sopho. Now *Phaon* hath checkt his fiery Steed,

And quencher these burning beames that late were wont

To melt my waxen wings, he has no longer dildit aboy

And lovely *Venus* smiles, with faire aspect

Upon the Spring-time of our sacred love

Thou great Commander of the circled Orbes,

Grant that this League of lasting amity,

May live recorded by Eternity

Lelia. Then wist content knit up our Nuptiall right,

And future joyes, our former griefes requite.

Will. Nay, and you be good at that, He tell you what we be

doe.

Pegge and I must be married to morrow, and if you will,

We'll all goe to Church together, and so save the

labour.

All. Agreed.

Phaon and *Phaon* then withal, and so be gone,

To solemnize two marriages in one.

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Realist
GAL
FULLY BEQUELED

Richard A. ...

From ...
Rich ...
...
Karr ...



LONDON.

JOHN ...
MDC. XXXVII.

WILT BEGVILD?

When God knows I stande nothing lesse,

Qui dissimulare nititur, desinit vivere.

Robin. Why this will bee sport alone;
But what would you have me doe in this action?

Churms. Marry as I play with to hand, play you with
rother.

Fall you aboard with *Peter Pluddall*,

Make him beleeve youle worke miracles,

And that you have a power will make *Lesia* love him?

Nay, what will he not beleeve, and take all that comes? (you
know my mind,)

And so weeke make a gull of the one, and a Goose of the
other.

And if we can invent any devise, to bring the Scholler in
disgrace with her: I doe not doubt, but with your helpe to
creepe betwene the barke and the tree, and get *Lesia* my selfe.

Robin. Tush man, I have a devise in my head already to doe
that;

But they say her brother *Fortunatus* loves him dearly.

Churms. Tut, he's out of the Country.

He followes the drumme and the flage.

He may chance to bee kild with a double Cannon before hee
comes home againe:

But what's your device?

Robin. Marry Ile doe this?

Ile frame an inditement against *Sophia*, in manner and forme
of a Rape, and the next Law day you shall preferre it; that so
Lesia may loath him,

Her father still deadly hate him,

And the young Gallant her brother utterly forsake him.

Churms. But how shall wee prove it?

Robin. Sometime weeke hire some Strumpet or other to bee
sworne against him.

Churms. Now (by the substance of my soule) tis an excel-
lent devise.

Well, let's see. Ile first try my cunning, otherwise, and if all faile

Yeele try this conclusion.

Exeunt.

Enter

WILT BEGUILD.

Enter Mother-Midnight, Nurse and Pegge.

Mother Mid. Yfaith *Margie*, you must needs take your daughter *Pegge* home againe;
For sheele not be rul'd by mee.

Nurse. Why *Mother*? What will shee not doe?

Mother Mid. Faith shee neither did, nor does, nor will doe any thing:

Send her to the Market with Eggs; sheele sell them, and spend the money:

Send her to make a Pudding, sheele put in no suet:
Sheele run out at nights a dancing, and come no more home till day peepe:

Bid her come to bed, sheele come when shee list:
Ah, 'tis a nasty shame to see her bringing up.

Nurse. Out you Rogue, you arrant, &c.
What, know'st not thy Gramam?

Pegge. I know her to be a ready old soole;
She's never well, but grunting in a corner.

Mother Mid. Nay sheele canst (I warrant ye):
O, shee ha's a tongue.

But *Margie* ev'n take her home to your Mistresse, and there heepe her: for Ile keepe her no longer.

Nurse. Mother, pray ye take some paines with her, and keepe her a while longer; and if shee doe not mend, Ile beate her blacke and blue: yfaith Ile not faile you Minion.

Mother Mid. Faith, at thy request Ile take her home and try her a weeke longer.

Nurse. Come on Hufwife, please your Gramam, and be a good wench, and you shall ha my blessing.

Mother Mid. Come follow us good wench.

Exeunt Mother Mid. and Nurse, leaving Pegge.

Pegge. I, farewell, faire weather after you:
Your blessing, quotha? Hee nor give a single hal penny for't:
who would live under a mothers nose, and a Gramams tongue?
A maide cannot love, or catch a lip clip, or a lap clasp: but,
heer's such tittle tattle, and doe not so, and be not so light,
and be not so fond, and doe not kisse, and doe not love, and

HYDROCKIAN

I cannot tell what a
And I must love, and I hang fast.
A sweet thing is Love,
That rules both heart and mind:
There is no comfort in the world,
For him that is not with her, stay quotha?
Well, I'll not stay with her, stay quotha?
To my husband: and I, and tumbled and tumbled, and tumbled,
And turn'd as I am by an old Hagge,
I will not, no, I will not, I faith.
Enter Will Crispe.

But stay, I said, put on my snickering look, and smiling
countenance:
For here comes one makes domination suite to be my spouse
d husband.

Will. Lord, that my heart would serve me to speak to her,
now she talks of her spouse, I husband.
Well, I'll see good side on't.
Now I'll clap me as close to her, as loane, buttocks of a close
stooke, and converse her with my rowling, rattling, tumbling
eloquence.

Sweet night, honny Pegge, fine Pegge, dainty Pegge, brave
Pegge, kinde Pegge, comely Pegge, my nutting, my sweeting,
my Love, my Dove, my honey, my blunny, my Ducky, my
Deare, and my Darling.

Grace me with thy pleasant eyes,
And love without delay,
And cast not with thy crabbed looker,
A proper man away.

Pegge. Why Will, what's the matter?

Will. What's the matter, quotha?
Faith I ha' betne in a faire taking for you, a bote on you: For
together day, after I had seene you, presently my belly began
to tumble, and I was
What's the matter thought I, and
With what I bethought my selfe, and the sweet comfort
I

WILT BEGVILD.

nance of that same sweet round face of thine, came into my minde,

Out went I, and Ile be sworn I was so neere taken, that I was faine to cut all my points.

And dost heare *Pegge*?

If thou dost not grant me thy good will in the way of marriage;

First and foremost, Ile runne out of my clothes, and then out of my wits for thee.

Pegge. Nay *William*, I would be loth you should doe so for me.

Will. Will you looke merrily on me, and love then?

Pegge. Faith I care not greatly if I doe.

Will. Care not greatly if I doe? what an answer's that? If thou wilt, say, I *Pegge* take thee *William* to my spruce Husband.

Pegge. Why so I will; but we must have more company for witnesses first.

Will. That needs not: here's good store of young men and maides here.

Pegge. Why then here's my hand:

Will. Faith that's honestly spoken: say after me:

I *Pegge Pudding*, promise thee *William Cricket*,

That Ile hold thee for mine owne sweet Lilly,

While I have a head in mine eye, and a face on my nose, a mouth in my tongue, and all that a woman should have, from the crowne of my foot, to the soule of my head:

Ile claspe thee and clip thee, coll thee, and kisse thee,

Till I be better then naught, and worse than nothing;

VWhen thou art ready to sleepe, Ile be ready to snort;

VWhen thou art in health, Ile be in gladnesse:

VWhen thou art sicke, Ile be ready to dye:

VWhen thou art mad, Ile run out of my wits:

And thereupon I strike thee good lucke.

VVell said yfaith:

● I could find in my hose to pocket thee in my heart;

Come my heart of gold, let's have a dance at the making

WILT BEGUILD.

up of this match:

Stricke up *Tom Piper*.

They dance.

Come *Pegge*, Ile take the paines to bring thee homeward,
And at twilight, looke for me againe.

Exeunt.

Enter Robin-good-fellow, and Peter Ploddall.

Robin. Come hither my honest friend: *M. Churms* told me
you had a suite to me,
What's the matter?

Peter. Pray ye sir, is your name *Robin-good-fellow*?

Robin. My name is *Robin-good-fellow*.

Peter. Marry sir, I heare y^e are a very cunning man sir;
And sir reverence of your worship sir, I am going a wooing to
one Mistresse *Lelia* a Gentlewoman here hard by: Pray yee
sir, tell me how I should behave my selfe, to get her to my
Wife?

For sir, there is a Scholler about her:

Now if you can tell me, how I should wipe his nose of her, I
would bestow a peece on you.

Robin. Let me see't, and thou shalt see what Ile say to
thee

He gives him money.

Well, follow my counsell; and Ile warrant thee;

Ile give thee a Love-powder for thy wench,

And a kind of *Nux vomica* in a potion, shall make her come off
y^e faith.

Peter. Shall I trouble you so farre as to take some paines
with me?

I am loth to have the dodge.

Robin. Tush, feare not the dodge:

Ile rather put on my flashing red Nose, and my flaming Face,
and come wrapt in a Calves-skin, and cry bo, bo;

Ile fray the Scholler I warrant thee.

But first goe to her, try what thou canst doe;

Perhaps shee'll love thee without any further adoe;

But thou must tell her, thou hast a good stocke, some hun-
dred or two a yeere, that will set her hard I warrant thee.

For

WILT BEGVILD.

For by thy Masse, I was once in good comfort to have coo-
zend a wench:

And wots thou what I told her?

I told her, I had a hundred pound land a yeere in a place,
where I have not the breadth of my little finger.

I promised her to in ~~infuse~~ her in forty pounds a yeere of
it: and I thinke in my conscience, if I had had but as good a
face as thine,

I should have made her have curst the time that ever shee
see it.

And thus must thou doe, crack, and lye, and face,

And thou shalt triumph mightily.

Peter. I need not doe so: for I may say, and say true,
I have lands and living enough for a Countrey fellow:

Robin. Barlady so had not I, I was faine to over-reach, as
many times I doe:

But now experience hath taught me so much craft, that I
excell in cunning.

Peter. Well fir, then Ile be bold to trust to your cunning,
and so Ile bid you farewell, and goe forward:

Ile to her, that's flat.

Robin. Doe so: and let me heare how you speed.

Peter. That I will fir.

Exit Peter.

Robin. Well, a good beginning makes a good end, Here's
ten greates for doing nothing:

I con Master *Churms* thanks for this,

For this was his device;

And therefore Ile goe seeke him out, and give him a quart of
wine,

And know of him how he deales with his Scholler. *Exit.*

Enter Churms and Sophos.

Churms. Why? looke you fir, by the Lord I can but wonder
at her father.

Hee knowes you to be a Gentleman of good bringing up;
And though your wealth be not answerable to his,

WILY BEGVILD

Yet by heavens I thinke, you are worthy to doe farre better
than *Lelia*, yet I know she loves you dearly.

Sophos. The great Tartarian Emperour *Tamor Cham*,
Joyde not so much in his imperiall Crowne,
As *Sophos* joyes in *Lelias* hop'd for love;
Whose lookes would pierce an Adamantine heart,
And make the proud behoulders stand at gaze,
To draw loves picture from her glauncing eyes.

Churms. And I will stretch my wits unto the highest straine
To further *Sophos* in his wisht desires.

Sophos. Thanks gentle Sir,
But truce a while, here comes her father,
I must speake a word or two with him.

Churms. I, he'll give you your answer (I warrant ye)

Sophos. God save you sir.

Gripe. O Master *Sophos*, I have longed to speake with you a
great while.

I heare you seeke my daughter *Lelias* love,
I hope you will not seeke to dishonest me, nor disgrace my
Daughter.

Sophos. No sir, a man may aske a yea,
A woman may say nay.

Yer I must confesse I love *Lelia*.

Gripe. Sir, I must be plaine with you, I like not of your
love.

Lelia's mine, Ile choose for *Lelia*.

And therefore I would wish you not to frequent my house any
more.

It's better for you to ply your Booke, and seeke for some pre-
ferment that way, than to seeke for a Wife before you know
how to maintaine her.

Sophos. I am not rich, I am not very poore:
I neither want, nor ever shall exceed,

The meane is my content, I live twixt two extremes.

Gripe. Well, well, I tell ye, I like not yee should come
to my house, and presume so proudly to match your poore
pedigree with my Daughter *Lelia*: and therefore I charge
you

WILLY BEGVILD.

you get you off, off my ground, come no more at my House:

I like not this Learning without Living, I.

Sophos. He needes must goe, that the devill drives:

Sic virtus sine censu languet.

Exit Sophos.

Gripe. O, Master *Churms*, cry you mercy sir, I saw not you:
I thinke I have sent the Scholler away with a flea in his eare;
I trow hee'll come no more at my house.

Churms. No, for if he doe, you may indite him for comming
of your ground.

Gripe. Well, now Ile home, and keepe in my daughter: She
shall neither goe to him, nor send to him:

Ile watch her (Ile warrant her)

Before God M. *Churms*, it is the peevishest girle that ever I
knew in my life, she will not be rul'd I doubt:

Pray yee sir, doe indeavour to perswade her to take *Peter*
Ploddall.

Churms. I warrant ye, Ile perswade her, feare not.

Exeunt.

Enter Lelia and Nurse.

Lelia. What sorrow seizeth on my heavie heart?

Consuming care possesseth every part:

Heart-sad *Erynnis* keepe his mansion here,

Within the closure of my woefull brest;

And blacke Despaire, with yron Scepter stands,

And guides my thoughts, downe to his hatefull Cell,

The wanton winds with whistling murmure beare

My piercing Plaints along the desert plaines:

And woods and groves doe eccho forth my woes,

The Earth below relents in Chrystall teares,

When Heavens above, by some malignant course

Of fatall Starres, are authors of my grieve.

Fond Love, goe hide thy Shafts in Follies den,

And let the world forget thy Childish force,

Or else flye, flye, pierce *Sophos* tender brest,

WILY BEGVILD.

That he may helpe to sympathize these plaints,
that wrings these teares from *Lelia* weeping eyes.

Nurse. Why, how now Mistrisse? What is it Love that makes you weepe, and tosse, and turne so at nights when you are in bed?

Saint *Leonard* grant you fall not love-sicke

Lelia. I, that's the point, that pierceeth to the quicke,
Would *Atropos* would cut my vitall threed.

And so make lavish of my loathed life:

Or gentle heavens would smile with faire aspect,

And so give better fortunes to my love.

Why is't not a plague to be prisoner to mine owne father?

Nurse. Yes, an't's a shame for him to use you so too.

But be of good cheere Mistrisse, He goe to *Sophos* every day.

He bring you tidings, and tokens too from him, (He warrant

ye,) and if hee will send you a kisse or two, He bring it, Let

me alone: I am good at a dead list:

Marry I cannot blame you for loving of *Sophos*,

Why, he's a man as one should picture him in wax.

But Mistrisse out upon't, wipe your eyes,

For here comes another wooer.

Enter Peter Ploddall.

Peter. Mistrisse *Lelia*, God speed you.

Lelia. That's more then wee need at this time for wee are doing nothing.

Peter. I were as good to say a good word as a bad.

Lelia. But 'tis more wisdom to say nothing at all, then to speake to no purpose.

Peter. My purpose is to wive you.

Lelia. And mine is never to wed you.

Peter. Be like you are in live with some body else.

Nurse. No, but she's lustily promised:

Heare you; you with long rife by your side, doe you lacke a wife?

Peter. Call ye this a rife? its a good Backe-sword.

Nurse. Why, then you with your Backe-sword, let's see your backe.

Peter.

WILLY BEGVILD.

Peter. Nay, I must speake with Miltresse *Lelia* before I goe.

Lelia. What would you with mee?

Peter. Marry, I have heard very well of you; and so has my father too: And he has sent me to you a wooing, And if you have any mind of marriage, I hope I shall maintaine you as well as any Husband-mans wife in the Country.

Nurse. Maintaine her, with what?

Peter. Marry, with my Lands and Living, my father has promis'd me.

Lelia. I have heard much of your wealth, but I never knew your manners before now:

Peter. Faith I have no Mannors, But a pretty Homestall, and we have great store of Oxen, and Horses, and Carts, and Plowes, and Household-stuffe bomination.

And great flockes of sheepe, and flockes of Geese, and Capons, and Hens, and Duckes: O, we have a fine yard of Pullen:

And thanke God, heer's a fine weather for my Fathers Lambs.

Lelia. I cannot live content, in discontent:

For as no musicke can delight the eares,

Where all the parts of discord are composed:

So Wedlocke bands will still consist in jarres,

Where in condition ther's no sympathie:

Then rest your selfe contented with this answer,

I cannot love.

Peter. Its no matter what you say: for my Father told me this much before I came, that you would bee something nice at first: but he bad mee like you nere the worse for that, for I were the liker to speed.

Lelia. Then you were best to leave off your suite till some other time: and when my leasure serves me to love you, Ile send for you.

Peter. Will you? well then Ile take my leave of you, and:

WILY BEGVILD.

and if I may heare from you, Ile pay the Messenger well for his paines.

But stay : Gods death , I had almost forgot my selfe ;
Pray'ee let mee kisse your hand ere I goe.

Nurse. Faith Mistresse, his mouth runs a water for a kisse :
A little would serve his turne be like :
Let him kisse your hand.

Lelia. Ile not sticke for that. *He kisses her hand.*

Peter. Mistresse *Lelia*, God be with you.

Lelia. Farewell *Peter.* *Exit Peter.*

Thus *Lucre* set in golden chaire of state,
When Learning's bid stand by and keepe aloofe :
This greedy humour fits my fathers vaine,
Who gapes for nothing but for golden gaine,

Enter Churms.

Nurse. Mistresse, take heed you speake nothing that will
bare action, for here comes *M. Churms* the Pettifogger.

Churms. Mistresse *Lelia*, rest you merry :
What's the reason, you and your Nurse walke here alone ?

Lelia. Because, sir, we desire no other company but
our owne.

Churms. Would I were then your owne,
That I might keepe you company.

Nurse. O sir, you and hee that is her owne, are farre a-
funder.

Churms. But if she please, weemay be neerer.

Lelia. That cannot be : mine owne is neerer then my
selfe.

And yet my selfe, alas am not mine owne ;
Thoughts, Feares, Dispaïres, tenne thousand dreadfull
Dreames :

Those are mine owne, and these doe keepe me company.

Churms. Before God ; I must confesse, your father is too
cruell.

Te keepe you thus sequestred from the world,
To spend your prime of youth, thus in obscurity,

And

WILLY BEGUILD.

And seek to wed you to an idiot foole,
That knowes not how to use himselfe;
Could but my desires but answer my desires,
I sweare by *Sel faire Phabus* silver eye,
My heart would wish no higher to aspire;
Then to be grac'd with *Lelia's* love,
By *Iesus*, I cannot play the dissembler,
And woo my love with courting ambages,
Like one whose love hangs on his smooth tongues end,
But in a word, I tell the summe of my desires,
I love faire *Lelia*.

By her my passions daily are increas'd:
And I must dye, unlesse by *Lelia's* love they be releas'd.
Lelia. Why Master *Churms*, I had thought you had beene
my fathers great Counsellor, in all these actions.

Churms. May, damme If I be:
By heavens, sweet Nymph, I am not.
Nurse. Master *Churms*, you are one can doe much with her
father: and if you love her as you say, perswade him to use her
more kindly, and give her liberty to take her choise: for these
made marriages prove not well.

Churms. I protest I will.
Lelia. So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend:
Meane time, *Nurse*, let's in
my long absence I know will make my father wile.

Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.
Churms. So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend:
Who can but ruminate upon these words?

Would shee had said, her loves
But tis no matter; first creep and then goe;
Now her friend: the next degree, *Lelia's* love.
VWell, Ile perswade her father to let her have a little more
liberty.
But soft, He none of that neither;
So the Scholler may chance coozen me.
Perswade him to keepe her in still more;
And before they have *Worme* *Booiall*, these have any body,

WILT BEGVILD.

And so I shall be sure that *Sophos* shall never come at her.
 V Why Ile warrant ye, sheele be glad to runne away with me at length.
 Hang him that has no shifts.
 I promis'd *Sophos* to further him in his suite:
 But if I doe, Ile be pickt to death with Hens.
 I swore to *Gripe*, I would perswade *Lelia* to love *Peter Ploddall*.
 But God forgive me, it was the furthest end of my thought.
 Tut, what's an oath? every man for himselfe:
 Ile shift for one, I warrant ye. *Exit.*

Enter Fortunatus, solus.

Fortn. Thus have I past the beating billowes of the sea,
 By *Isbacks* rockes, and watry *Neptunes* bounds;
 And waisted safe from *Mars* his bloody fields,
 V Where Trumpets sound Tantara to the fight,
 And here arriv'd for to repose my selfe,
 Vpon the borders of my native Soyle.
 Now *Fortunatus* bend thy happy course
 Vnto thy fathers house, to greet thy dearest friends:
 And if that still thy aged Sire survive,
 Thy presence will revive his drooping spirits, (blood,
 And cause his withered cheekes bee sprent with youthfull
 Where death of face was portraid to the quicke.
 But soft who comes here? *Stand aside.*

Enter Robin-good-fellow.

Robin. I wonder I heare not of Master *Charms*.
 I would faine know how he speedes,
 And what successe he has in *Lelia* love:
 V Well, if he cozen the Scholler of her,
 'Twould make my worship laugh:
 And if hee have her, hee may say, God a mercy *Robin-good-fellow.*
 Oh, were a good head, as long as you live,
 Why, Master *Gripe*, he calls beyond the Moone,

And

WILT BEGUILD

And *Churms* is the orely man hee puts in trust with his daughter, and (Ile warrant) the old *Churle* would take it up on his salvation, that he will perswade her to marry with *Robert* & *Peter Ploddall*: But Ile make a foole of *Peter Ploddall*, which hee A Ile looke him i'th' face and pickes his purse, to the end that Ile Whil'st *Churms* coozen him of his Wench, And my old granfire Holdfast of his Daughter. And if he can doe so, Ile teach him a tricke to coozen him of his gold too. Now for *Sophos*, let him weare the Willow garland, And play the melancholly malecontent, And pluck his hat downe in his fallen eyes, And thinke on *Lelia* in these desert Groves: 'Tis enough for him to have her in his thoughts, Although he ne'r imbrace her in his armes, But now there is a fine device come into my head, To scarre the Scholler:

You shall see Ile make fine sport with him. They say that every day he keepes his walke Amongst these Woods and melancholly shades; And on the Barke of every sencelesse Tree, Ingraves the Tenour of his haplesse hope. Now when hee's at *Venus* Altar at his Orisons, Ile put me on my great carpatian Nose, And wrap me in a rousing Calve-skin suite, And come like some Hob-goblin, or some Devill Ascended from the grisly pit of Hell, And like a Scar-babe make him take his legges: Ile play the Devill, I warrant ye. *Exe Robin-good-fellow.*

Fortunatus. And if you doe (by this hand) Ile play the Conjuror. Blush, *Fortunatus*, at the base conceit, To stand aloofe, like one that's in a trance, And with thine eyes behold that miscreant Impe, (Whose tongue more venome than the Serpents sting) Before thy face thus taunt thy dearest friends? I, thine owne Father with reprochfull tearmes,

WILL BEGUIL'D.

Thy sister *Laba*, she is bought and sold,
 And leav'd *Sophy*, thy thrice vow'd friend,
 Is made a slave by this base, curst crew,
 And damned den of vagrant ruffians:
 But here in sight of sacred heavens, I swear
 By all the sorrowes of the *Stigian* fowles,
 By *Mars* his bloody blade, and faire *Bellona's* Bowers,
 I vow, these eyes shall ne'r behold my fathers face
 These feet shall never passe these desert plaines:
 But Pilgrim-like, Ile wander in these woods,
 Untill I find out *Sophy's* secret walks,
 And sound the depth of all their plotted drifts:
 Nor will I cease untill these hands revenge.
 Th' injurious wrong that's offer'd to my friend,
 Vpon the workes of this stratagem. *Exit.*

Enter Pegge sola.

Pegge. Yfaith, yfaith, I cannot tell what to doe,
 I love, and I love, and I cannot tell who:
 Out upon this love:
 For woe you what? I have suitors come huddle, twoes upon
 twoes, and threes upon threes: and what thinke you troubles
 mee?
 I must chat and kisse with all commers, or else no bargain.

Enter Will, Cricket and kisses her.

Will. A bargain yfaith: ha my sweet hony-sopes, how dost
 thou?

Pegge. Well I thanke you *William*, now I see y'are a man of
 your word.

Will. A man of my word quotha? why I ne'r broke promise
 in my life that I kept.

Pegge. No *William* I know you did not:
 But I had thought you had forgotten me.

Will. Dost heare *Pegge*? if e'r I forget thee,
 I pray God I may never remember thee.

Pegge. Peace, here comes my *Grammer* *Midnight.*

Enter.

WILY BEGVILD.

Enter Mother Midnight.

Mother Mid. What *Pegge*? what ho? what *Pegge*, I say?
What *Pegge* my wench?

What where art thou trow?

Pegge. Here Grannam at your elbow.

Mother Mid. What mak'st thou here this twatter light?
I thinke thou art in a dreame,
I thinke the foole haunts thee:

Will. Sounds foole in your face: foole, O monstrous intitu-
tulation.

Foole? O disgrace to my person: sounds, foole not me, for I
cannot brooke such a cold rasher I can tell you: give mee but
such another word, and Ile be thy tooth-drawer, eene of thy
butter-tooth, thou tooth-lesse Trot thou.

Mother M. Nay *William*, pray ye be not angry, you must
beare with old folkes.

They bee old and testy, hot and hasty: set not your wit a-
gainst mine, *William*,
For I thought no harme by my troth.

Will. Well your good words have something laide my
choller.

But Grannam, shall I be so bold to come to your house now and
then to keepe *Pegge* company?

Mother M. I, and bestrow thy good heart and thou dost
not.

Come, and weele have a peece of a Barly Bag-pudding, or
something.

And thou shalt be very heartily welcome, that thou shalt,
And *Pegge* shall bid thee welcome too: pray ye Maid, bid
him welcome, and make much of him, for by my vay hee's a
good springgold.

Pegge. Grannam, if you did see him dance, 'twould doe your
heart good:

Lord, 'twould make any body love him, to see how finely
he le foot it.

Mother M. *William*, prethee goe home to my house with
me, and taste a cup of our Beere, and learne to know the

WILT BEGVILD

way againe another time.

Will. Come on Grandam, Ile man you home yfaith: Come
Pegge. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Gripe, old Ploddall, and his sonne Peter,
and Churms, the Lawyer*

Ploddall. Come hither *Peter*, hold up your head: where's your cap andl egg e, fir boy, ha?

Peter. By your leave Master *Gripe*.

Gripe. Welcome *Peter*, give me thy hand, th'art welcome: Barlady, this is a good proper tall fellow; Neighbour; call you him a boy?

Ploddall. A good pretty square Springold fir.

Gripe. *Peter*, you have scene my Daughter I am sure: how doe you like her?

What faves she to you?

Peter. Faith I like her well, and I have broken my minde to her, and she would say neither I or no:

But thanke God fir, we parted good friends.

For she let me kisse her hand, and bad me farewell *Peter*;

And therefore I thinke I am like enough to speed:

How thinke ye Master *Churms*?

Churms. Marry I thinke so too,

For she did shew no token of any dislike of your motion, did she?

Peter. No, not a whit fir,

Churms. VVhy then I warrant ye,

For we hold in our Law, that, *Idem est non appareat, & non esse.*

Gripe. Master *Churms*, I pray you doe so much as call my Daughter hither.

I will make her sure here to *Peter Ploddall*, and Ile desire you to be a witnesse.

Churms. VVith all my heart. *Exit Churms.*

Gripe. Before God, Neighbour, this same M. *Churms* is a very good Lawyer: for Ile warrant, you cannot speake any thing, but he has Law for it *ad unguem.*

Ploddall.

WILY BEGVILD.

Ploddall. Marry eene the more joy on him,
And hee's one that I am very much beholding to:
But here comes your Daughter.

Enter Churms, Lelia and Nurse.

Lelia. Father, did you send for me?

Gripe. I wench, I did: come hither *Lelia*, give me thy hand.

Master Churms, I pray you beare witness,
I here give *Lelia* to *Peter Ploddall*, *She plucks her hand.*
How now?

Nurse. Shee's none, she thanks you sir.

Gripe. Will she none? why how now, I say?

What's your pawling preavish thing, you untoward baggage,
Will you not be rul'd by your Father?

Have I tane care to bring you up to this?

And will you doe as you list?

Away, I say, hang, starve, begge, be gone; packe I say:
Out of my sight,

Thou ne'r get'st penny-worth of my goods for this:

Thinke ont, I doe not use to jest:

Begone I say; I will not heare thee speake.

Churms. I pray you sir patient your selfe: shee's young.

Gripe. I hold my life this beggerly Scholler hankers about
her still, makes her so untoward:

But Hee home, Hee set her a harder taske:

Hee keepe her in, and looke to her a little better then I ha done;

Hee make her have little mind of gadding, Hee warrant her.

Come Neighbour, send your Sonne to my house, for he's wel-
come thither, and shall be welcome; and Hee make *Lelia* bid im
welcome too, e'r I ha done with her.

Come *Peter*, follow us. *Exeunt all but Churms.*

Churms. Why this is excellent; better and better still.
This is beyond expectation:

Why, now this geare begins to worke:

But beshrew my heart, I was afraid that *Lelia* would have
yscelded, when I saw her father take her by the hand; and call
me

WILLY BEGVILD.

me for a witnesse, my heart began to quake.
But to say the truth, she had little reason to take a Cullian In-
loafe, milke-sop slave;
When she may have a Lawyer, a Gentleman that stands upon
his reputation in the Country:

One whose diminutive defect of Law, may compare with his
little learning:

Well, I see that *Churms* must bee the man must carry *Lelia*
when all's done.

Enter Robin-good-fellow

Robin. How now Master *Churms*, what newes abroad?
Me thinke you looke very spruce: y^e are very frolike now
alate.

Churms. VVhat fellow *Robin*, how goes the squares with
you?

Y^e are waxen very proud a late; you will nor know your old
friends.

Robin. Faith I eene come to seeke you, to bestow a quart of
wine of you.

Churms. That's strange: you were ne're wont to be so
liberall.

Robin. Tush man, one good turne asks another: cleare
gaines man, cleare gaines:

Peter. Ploddall shall pay for all: I have gold him once,
And Ile come over him againe and againe, I warrant y^e.

Churms. Faith *Lelia* has eene given him the doff of her, and
made her father almost starke mad:

Robin. O all the better, then I shall be sure of more of his
custome.

But what successe have you in your sute with her?

Churms. Faith all hitherto goes well,
I have made the motion to her,

But as yet we are growne to no conclusion:

But I am in very good hope.

Robin. But doe you thinke you shall get her fathers good
will?

Churms. Tut, if I get the wenche, I care not for that.
That

WHAT BEGETH.

that will come afterward : . . .
And Ile be sure of something in the meane time ;
For I have out-law'd a great number of his debtors ;
And Ile gather up what money I can among them ;
And Gripe shall not know of it neither :

Robin. I, and of those that are scarce able to pay ;
Take the one halfe, and forgive them the rest ; rather than sit
out at all.

Churms. Tush, let me alone for that :
But sirra, I have brought the Scholler into a fooles Paradise ;
Why, he has made me his spokesman to Miltresse *Lelia* ;
And God's my Judge, I ne'r so much as name him to her.

Robin. O, bith'mas well remembred,
Ile tell you what I meane to doe ;
Ile attire my selfe fit for the same purpose ;
Like some hellish Hag, or damned fiend,
And meete with *Sophos*, wandering in the woods ;
O I shall fray him terribly.

Churms. I would thou couldst scare him out of his wits ;
Then should I ha' the wench cocke sure,
I doubt no body but him.

Robin. Well, let's goe drinke together,
And then Ile goe put on my diuelliish robes,
I meane my Christmas Calves-skin suite,
And then walke to the woods ;
O Ile terrifie him I warrant ye.

Enter Sophos solus.

Sophos. Will heavens still smile at *Sophos* miseries,
And give no end to my uncessant moanes ?
These Cypresse shades are witnesse of my woes,
The senselesse trees doe grieve at my laments,
The leavy branches drop sweet *Myrtles* teares,
For love did scorne me in my mothers wombe,
And fullen *Saturne* pregnant at my birth,
VVith all the fatall starres conspir'd in one,
To frame a haplesse constellation.

End

F

Pre.

SHALL BE KEPT.

Presaging *Sophas* lucklesse destiny. : hawwells amob illw tath
 Here, here doth *Sophas* turne *Triums* restlesse wheels, ed all bnA
 And here lyes wrapt in Labyrinth of love, wal sup oval ltoT
 Of his sweet *Ladies* love, whose sole *Lady* still, u rading all bnA
 Prolongs the haplesse date of *Sophas* hopelesse life: all bnA
 Ah, said I life: a life farre worse than death to bnA I. bnA
 Thers death: In then ten thousand death: bnA ed all bnA
 I daily die, in that I live loves thrall. bnA
 They dye thrice happy; that once dye for all. bnA
 Here will I stay my weary wandring steps, bnA
 And lay me downe upon this solid earth, I am bnA *He lies downe!*
 The mother of disguise and balefull thoughts, I ym bnA
 I, this befits my melancholy moods: bnA
 Now, now me thinkes I heare the pretty Birds, bnA
 With warbling tunes record faire *Ladies* name, bnA
 Whose absence makes warme blood drop from my heart, bnA
 And forceth watry teares from these my weeping eyes, bnA
 Me thinkes I heare the silver-sounding streames, bnA
 With gentle murmur summon me to sleepe, bnA
 Singing a melodious lullaby: bnA
 Here will I take a nap, and drowne my haplesse hope, bnA
 In the Ocean seas of never like to speed. bnA

He falls in a slumber, and Asaphs sunneth bnA

Enter Sylvanus bnA

Sylvanus bnA

Sylvanus. Thus hath *Sylvanus* left his leavy Bowers,
 Drawne by the sound of *Eccho*'s sad reports,
 That with shrill notes and high resounding voydeVV
 Doth pierce the very caverns of the earth, bnA
 And rings through hills and dales the sad laments bnA
 Of Vertues losse, and *Sophas* mournfull plaints, bnA
 Now *Morpheus* rouse thee from thy sable den, bnA
 Charme all his senses with a slumbering trance, bnA
 Whil't old *Sylvanus* send a lovely prayne, bnA
 Of Satyres, Driades, and watry Nymphes, bnA
 Out of their Bowers, to tune their silv'ry strings, bnA

And

WVLY BEGVTDV

And with sweet sounding re-sicke sing
Some pleasing Madrigals and Roundelays,
To comfort *Sophy* in his deepe *Misresse*.

Enter the Nym- and Satyr singing.

THE SONG.

Satyr sing, let *farrows* keep her Call,
Let warbling *Eechoes* sing,
And sounding *Whiffoke* yell,
Through hills, through dales, sad griefe and care to kill,
In him long since, alas, hath griev'd his fill.

Sleepe no more, but wake and live content
Thy griefe the Nymphes deplore,
The Sylvan Gods lament
To beare, to see thy moone, thy losse, thy love,
Thy plaints to teares, the stony *Rockes* doe move.

Grieve not then, the *Queene of Love* is milde,
Shes sweetly smiles on men,
When Reason's most beguild:
Her looks, her smiles, are kind, are sweet, are faire,
Awake therefore, and sleepe no more in care.

Love intends to free thee from annoy,
His Nymphes *Sylvanus* sends,
To bid thee live in joy,
In hope, in joy sweet love delights embrace,
Faith Love her selfe, will yeald thee so much grace.

Exeunt the Nymphes and Satyr.

WILT BEGVILD.

Soph. What doe I heare? what harmony is this,
With silver-sound that glutteth *Sophos* eares,
And drives sad passions from his heavy heart,
Presaging some good future hap shall fall,
After these blustering blasts of discontent?
Thanks Gentle Nymphes, and Satyres too adieu,
That thus compassionate a Ioyall Lovers woe,
When heaven sits smiling at his illie mishapt.

Enter Fortunatus.

Fortunatus. With weary steps I trace these desert groves,
And search to find out *Sophos* secret walks,
My truest vowed friend, and *Lelias* dearest love.

Soph. What voyce is this sounds *Lelias* sacred name?
Is it some Satyre that hath viewed her late,
And's growne enamour'd of her gorgeous hiew?

Fortunatus. No Satyre, *Sophos*, but thy ancient friend:
Whose dearest blood doth rest at thy command,
Hath sorrow lately becard thy watty eyes,
That thou forgetst the lasting league of love,
Long time was vowed betwixt thy false and me?
Looke on me man, I am thy friend.

Sophos. O, now I know thee, now thou nam'st my friend:
I have no friend to whom I dare
Vnlade the burthen of my griefe,
But one *Fortunatus*, he's my second selfe,
My *Fortunatus*, fortunate venter.

Fort. How fares my friend? me thinks you looke not well:
Your eyes are lunk, your cheekes looke pale and wan,
What means this alteration?

Sophos. My minde, sweet friend, is like a restlesse ship,
That's hurl'd and tost upon the surging seas,
By *Boreas* bitter blasts and *Eols* whistling winds,
On rocks and sands, farre from the wished port,
Whereon my silly ship desires to land;
Faile *Lelias* love, that is my wished haven,
Wherein my wandering thoughts would take repose,
For want of which, my restlesse thoughts are tost:

For

WILT BEGUILD.

For want of which all *Sophos* joyes are lost.

Fortu. Doth *Sophos* love my sister *Lelia*?

Sophos She, thence it is, whose love I wish to gaine;

Nor need I wish, nor doe I love in vaine,

My love she doth repay with equall meed:

'Tis strange you'll say that *Sophos* should not speed.

Fortunatus. Your love repaid with equall meed;

And yet you languish still in love? 'tis strange:

From whence proceeds your griefe? unfold unto your

A friend may yeeld reliefe.

Sophos. My want of wealth is author of my griefe,

Your father sayes, my state is too too low:

I am no Hobby-bred; I may not soare so high, as *Lelias* love,

The lofty Eagle will not catch at flies.

When I with *scarms* would soare against the Sunne;

He is the onely fiery *Phaeton* denies my course,

And seares my waxen wings, when as I soare aloft:

He mewes faire *Lelia* up from *Sophos* sight;

That not so much as paper pleads remorse:

Thrice three times *Sol* hath slept in *Thetis* lap,

Since these mine eyes behold sweet *Lelias* face.

What greater griefe? what other hell then this,

To be denied to come where my beloved is?

Fortunatus. Doe you alone love *Lelia*?

Have you no rivals with you in your love?

Sophos. Yes onely one, and him your father backe

'Tis *Peter Ploddall*; rich *Ploddall*'s sonne and heire,

One whose base rusticke rude desert

Vnworthy farre to win so faire a prize:

Yet meanes your father for to make a match

For Golden Lucre, with this *Coridon*,

And scornes at vertues lore; hence growes my griefe.

Fortu. If it be true, I heare there is one *Churms* beside,

Makes suite to win my sister to his bride.

Sophos. That cannot be, *Churms* is my vowed friend:

Whose tongue relates the tenour of my love

To *Lelias* cares, I have no other meanes.

WILLY BEQUIED.

Fortn. Well, trust him not: the Tyger hides his Claws:
When oft he doth pretend the greatest guiles.
But stay: here comes *Lelias*. *Nurse*.

Enter Nurse.
Sophos. *Nurse*, what newes?
How fares my Love?

Nurse. How fares she, quotha? Marry shee may fare how
she will for you: neither come to her, nor send to her of a whole
fortnight?

Now I sweare to you by my Maydenhead, if my Husband
should have serv'd me so, when hee came a wooing to mee, I
would never have look't on him with a good face, as long as I
had liv'd.

But he was as kinde a wretch as ever laid lips of a woman, He
would a come thorow the windowes, or doores, or walls, or
any thing, but he would have come to me.

Marry after we had beene marryed a while, his kindnesse began
to slacke, for Ile tell you what he did;

Hee made me beleeye hee would goe to *Greene-goose faire*,
and Ile bee sworne, he tooke his legges and ranne cleane a-
way:

And I am afraid you'll prove even such another kinde piece
to my mistresse: for shee sits at home in a corner weeping
for you; and Ile bee sworne, shee's ready to dye upward for
you:

And her father oth' other side, he yoles at her, and joles at her:
and shee leades such a life for you, it passes; and you'll noither
come to her nor send to her,

Why, shee thinkes you have forgotten her:

Sophos. Nay, then let heavens in sorrow end my dayes,

And fatall fortune never cease to frowne;

And heaven and earth, and all conspire to pull mee downe,

If blacke oblivion teize upon my heart,

Once to estrange my thoughts from *Lelias* loves:

Fortunatus. Why *Nurse*, I am sure that *Lelias* heares from

Sophos once a day at least, by *Chorus* the Lawyer,

Who is his onely friend.

Nurse.

WILLY BEGUILD.

Nurse. What, young Master? God bleſſe mine eye-sight.
Now by my maydenhead y^e are welcome home,
I am ſure my Miſtreſſe will be glad to ſee you.

But what ſay you of Maſter *Charmus*?

Fortin. Marry, I ſay he's a wel-willer to my ſiſter *Lelia*,
And a ſecret friend to *Sophos*.

Nurse. Marry the Devill he is: truſt him, and hang him:
Why, hee cannot ſpeake a good word on him to my old ma-
ſter; and he does ſo rattle before my Miſtreſſe with his Barbarian
eloquence, and ſtut before her in a paire of Polonian legges,
as he were a Gentleman Viſher to the great Turke, or to the
Devill of *Dunſin*.
And if my miſtreſſe would be rul'd by him, *Sophos* might goe
ſnick-up. But he has ſuch a butter milke face; that ſhee'll ne-
ver have him.

Sophos. Can falſhood lurke in thoſe enticing lookes?
And deepe diſſemblance iye, where truth appeares?

Fortin. Injurious villany, to betray his friend!

Nurse. Sir, doe you know the Gentleman?

Fortin. Faith not well.

Nurse. Why ſir, hee lookes like a red Hering at a Noble
mans table on Eaſter day, and hee ſpeakes nothing but Al-
mond-butter, and Sugar-candy.

Fortin. That's Excellent.

Sophos. This world's the Chaos of confuſion:
No world at all but maſſe of open wrongs,
Wherein a man, as in a map, may ſee,

The high roade-way from woe to miſery.

Fortin. Content your ſelfe, and leave theſe paſſions.

Now doe I ſound the depth of all their drifts,

The Devils device, and *Charmus*, his knavery

On whom his heart vowed to be reveng'd,

He ſcatter them: the plot's already in my head.

Nurse. hie thee home, commend me to my ſiſter.

Bid her this night ſend for maſter *Charmus*,

To him ſhe muſt recount her many griefes,

Exclaime againſt her Fathers hard constraint,

And

WILT BEGUILD?

And so cunningly temporize with this cunning *Cass*,
 That he may thinke she loves him as her life:
 Bid her tell him, that if by any means
 He can convey her forth her fathers gate,
 Vnto a secret friend of hers;
 The way to whom lyes by the Forrest side;
 That none but he shall have her to his bride.
 For her departure, let her point the time,
 To morrow night when *Vesper* begins to shine,
 Here will I be, when *Lelia* comes this way,
 Accompanied with her Gentleman-usher,
 Whose amorous thoughts doe dreame on nought but love,
 And if this Rastinado hold,
 Ile make him leave his wench with *Sophos* for a pawne:
 Let him alone to use him in his kind,
 This is the trap which for him I have laid,
 Thus craft by cunning once shall be betrayed;
 And for the Devill, Ile conjure him:
 Good *Nurse* be gone: bid he not faile,
 And for a token, beare to her this ring,
 Which well she knowes, for when I saw her last,
 It was her favour, and she gave it me.

Sophos. And beare her this from me;
 And with this Ring, bid her receive my heart:
 My heart? alas, my heart I cannot give,
 How should I give her that which is her owne?

Nurse. And your heart be hers, her heart is yours,
 And so change is not robbery.

Well, Ile give her your Tokens, and tell her what ye say.

Fortinnatus. Doe good *Nurse*: but in any case let not my
 Father know that I am here, untill we have effected all our
 purposes.

Nurse. Ile warrant you, I will not play with you,
 As Master *Chorus* does with *Sophos*.

I would ha my cares cut from my head first.

Fortinnatus. Come *Sophos*, cheere up your selfe, man, and
 Let hope expell these melancholy dumps.

Meane

WILY BEGVILD.

Meane while, lets in,
Expecting how the events of this device will fall.
Vntill to morrow at th' appointed time,
When weele expect the comming of your Love.
What man, Ile worke it through the fire,
But you shall have her.

Sopho. And I will study to deserve this love. *Bomus.*

Enter William Cricket solus.

Will. Looke on me, and looke of Master *Churms*:
A good proper man:
Marry Master *Churms* has something a better paire of
Legges indeed:
But for a sweet Face, a fine Beard, comely corpes,
And a carowling Codpeece,
All *England* if it can
Shew me such a man,
To win a wench by gis,
To clip, to coll, to kisse,
As *William Cricket* is.
Why looke you now, if I had bin such a great long, large,
Lobcocke, loseld Lurden, as Master *Churms* is,
Ile warrant you, I should never have got *Pegge* as long as I had
lived: for (doe you marke) a Wench will never love a man
that has all his substance in his Legges.
But stay: here comes my Land-lord,
I must goe and salute him.

Enter old Ploddall, and his sonne Peter.

Ploddall. Come hither *Peter*, when didst thou see *Robbin-good-fellow*? He's the man must doe the fact.

Peter. Faith Father, I see him not this two dayes; but Ile seeke him out: for I know he'le doe the deed, and thee were twenty *Lelias*.

For Father, he's a very cunning man: for, give him but tenne groates, and he'le give me a Powder, that will make *Lelia* come to bed to me:

G

And